Saturday Review of Literature

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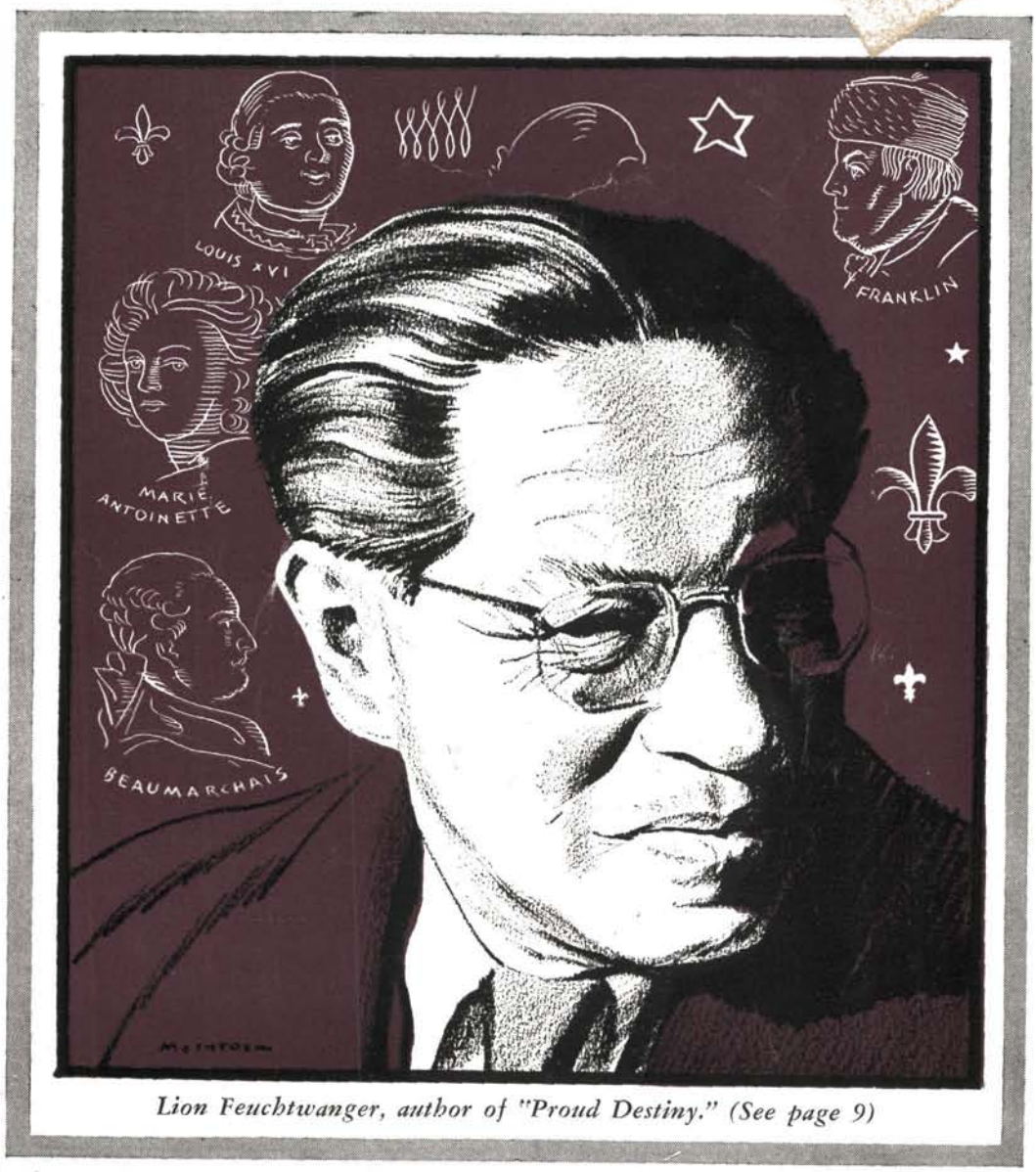

Lion Feuchtwanger, author of "Proud Destiny." (See page 9)

A Case of Literary Sickness

By LOUIS BROMFIELD

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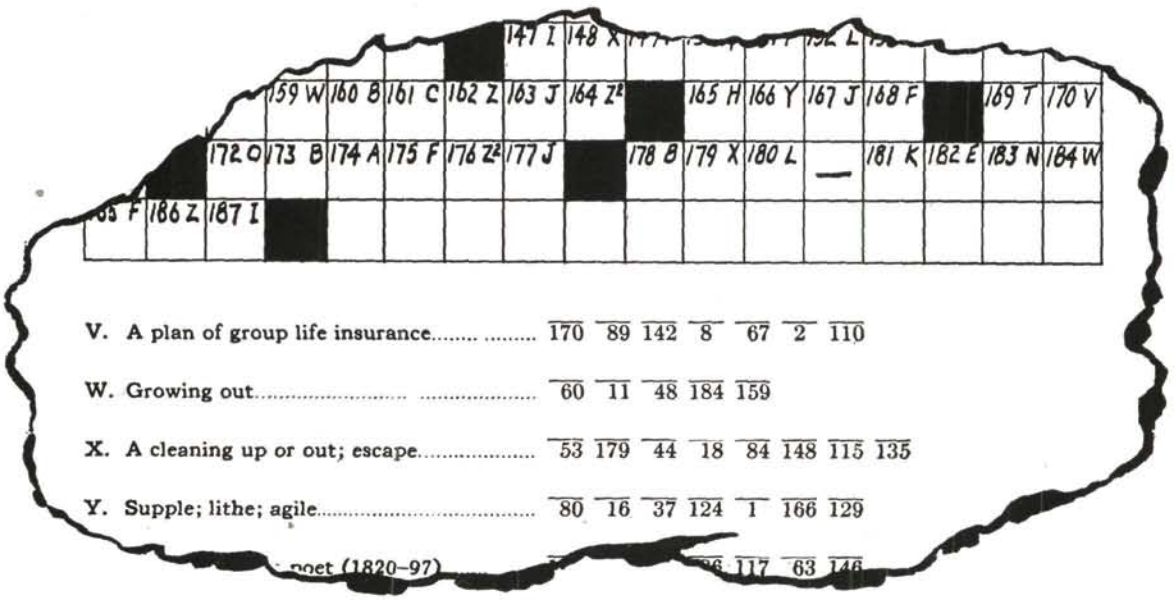

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(in connection with the new book of *Double-Crostics, Series 20*)

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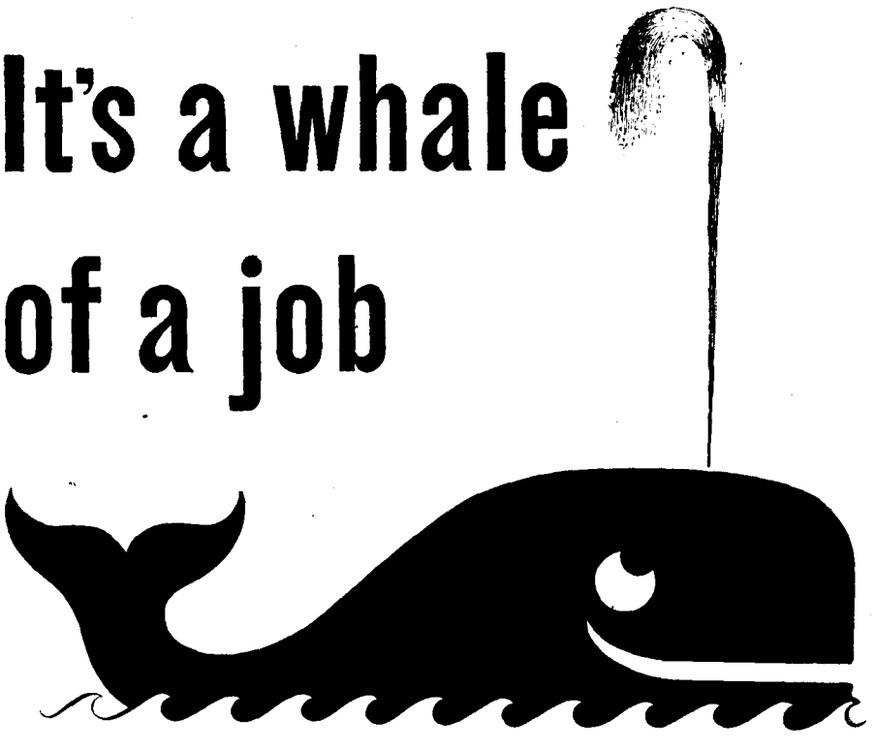
It's a whale of a job



We're adding new telephones at the rate of about 300,000 a month. That is 10,000 a day... And still it isn't enough.

SINCE V-J Day, we've added more than 5,500,000 telephones. But fast as we put in one telephone, there comes an order for another. Sometimes two more.

So even though we're going full speed ahead, we haven't been able to catch up with all the orders for telephone service.

We're moving faster than anyone thought possible — with shortages and everything — and we have broken all kinds of records.

It's a whale of a job and we're eager and impatient to get it done. For we don't like to keep anybody waiting for telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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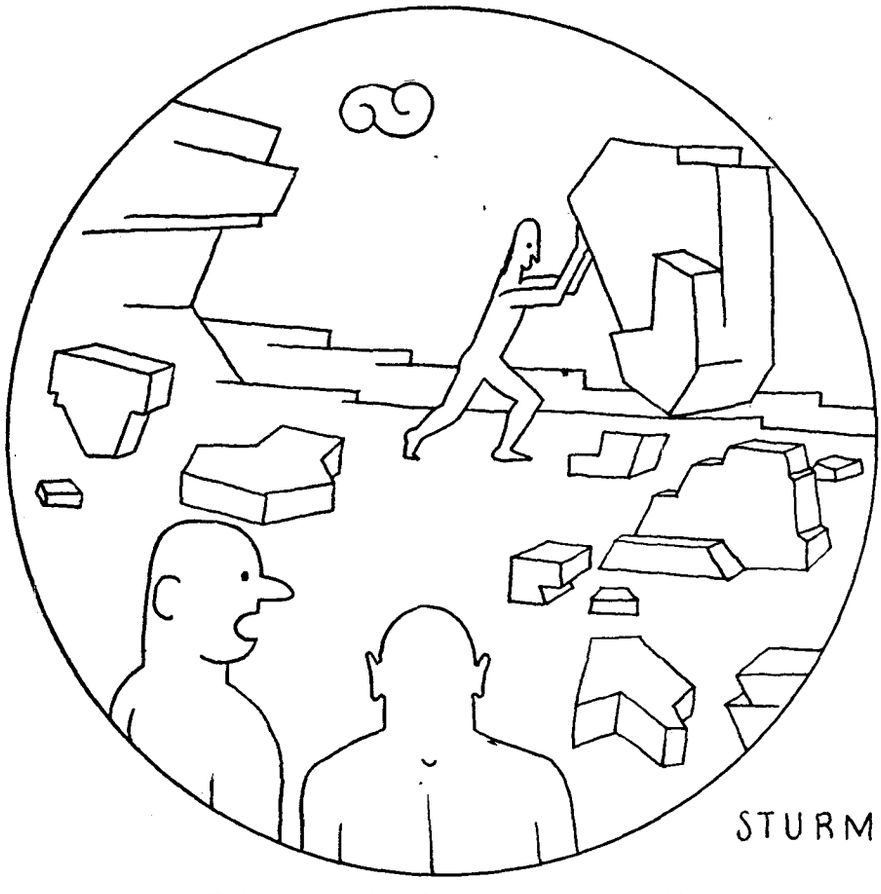
TRADE Winds

THE SPONSOR OF A mail-order course in writing suggests that budding authors adopt flowery, three-word pseudonyms under which to submit their first efforts to magazines. "Where," he asks, "do you think Mary Roberts Rinehart and Clarence Budington Kelland would be today if they had written under the names of, say, Mary Jones and Clarence Smith?" In the opinion of Trade Winds, they'd be in exactly the same place they are now. . . . Laurence McKinney notes a photograph in *Time* of the Lenin Library in Russia—a huge and ornate edifice. "We are more economical here," adds Mr. McKinney (probably a relative of Ben Huebsch). "Most of *our* Lenin libraries are in department or drug stores." . . . Vincent Starrett treasures a list of autographs —1,805 items—offered for sale by a New York bookseller. The highest price—two dollars—is asked only for the autographs of Willa Cather and Li Hung Chang. George du Maurier and Reginald de Koven are valued at a dollar. In the fifty-cent bracket are John P. Altgeld, Tom Benton, Gelett Burgess, Theodore Dreiser, and Queen Liliuokalani. Thirty-five cents will get you the signatures of Noel Coward, Edna Ferber, Elinor Glyn, Sir Thomas Lipton, and Billy Sunday. Among the fifteen-centers are Temple Bailey, H. L. Mencken, Clifton Fadiman, Ellery Queen, Horace Greeley, and Mr. Starrett himself. And for one slim dime you may acquire the autographs of Nicholas Murray Butler, John Erskine, Alfred A. Knopf, D. W. Griffith, Gene Buck, and John S. Sumner. "Ah Fame, thou art a fleeting thing." . . .

WHEN JOHN GUNTHER was interviewing celebrities for his monumental "Inside U.S.A.," he had one stock question that invariably set them back on their heels. "Exactly what," he would ask, "do you believe in most?" The stuffed shirts evaded the issue with obviously insincere clichés, but he got a surprising number of honest and revealing answers as well. How would *you* reply to such a question? . . . Incidentally, a Dallas newspaper concluded its review of the Gunther book, "The pattern for Texas is adhered to in his travels through the forty-seven less important commonwealths." . . . Harcourt, Brace will publish posthumously the autobiography of Gifford Pinchot, under the title of "Breaking New Ground." I was weekending at the Pinchot country home one day when a leading journalist came to interview him. In the middle of the interview, the Governor's pet parrot, Oscar, escaped from his cage and headed for the village of Milford, followed closely by the perturbed Governor. Neither had returned at the end of two hours, and the journalist settled for an interview with the Governor's niece Rosamond. . . . Little, Brown have two more sure-fire successes for October: James Hilton's new novel, "Nothing So Strange," and a second book of cartoons by Dahl, of the *Boston Herald*, with text by Charles W. Morton. . . . Morton, incidentally, relays an item about a pair of visitors who once called on the late Charles W. ("Five Foot Shelf") Eliot. One was an amiable theologian and the other a bumptious and arrogant classicist. As the door closed behind them, Dr. Eliot turned to his family and remarked, "There go a gentleman and a scholar." . . .

BOOK MERCHANDISING Magazine, attempting to break down the book-buying potential of the various sections of the United States, presents the following estimate: New England, 7.39 per cent; Middle Atlantic, 20.79 per cent; South Atlantic, 10.20 per cent; East-North-Central, 22.20 per cent; West-North-Central, 11.01 per cent; East-South-Central, 5.34 per cent; South-West-Central, 8.20 per cent; Mountain, 3.35 per cent; Pacific, 10.24 per cent. Leading states are New York, 11.49 per cent; California, 7.37 per cent; Illinois, 6.79 per cent; Ohio, 5.85 per cent; Texas, 4.53 per cent; Michigan, 4.31 per cent; and Massachusetts, 3.96 per cent. . . . Publication of "Great Tales of Terror and the Supernatural" in a Modern Library Giant edition is a good enough excuse for reviving the story of two ghosts who sat on a cemetery wall at midnight. One asked the other, "Tell me honestly: do you really believe in human beings?" . . . Van Cartmell defines an economist as a man who has a Phi Beta Kappa key on one end of his chain and no watch on the other. . . . Asked by his teacher to name two ancient sports, the son of a prominent New York editor answered, "Anthony and Cleopatra." . . .

ALVA JOHNSON is preparing for Farrar, Straus a biography of Wilson Mizner, Alaska prospector, Florida realtor, Broadway gambler, and uni-



"He's determined to leave no stone unturned."

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versal wit. Most frequently quoted observations of Mizner: "Never give a sucker an even break," and "If you steal from one author, it's plagiarism; if you steal from many, it's research." . . . Latest and most intriguing of a flood of recent books about Mexico is Frances Toor's "Treasury of Mexican Folkways." Now, indicating a possible turn of the tide, Coward-McCann announces a book about a Mexican who came to Texas: "Wetback," by Claud Garner. A "wetback" cannot enter the United States legally; he therefore swims the Rio Grande River at night to evade the border patrol. . . .

"Better come with us, Sylvester . . . you know too much."

MYRA THOMPSON thinks a good quote for the fly-leaf of one of those down-with-the-Soviet books would be: "Where Nevsky Prospekt pleases, and only man is vile." . . . A recent reproduction in *SRL* of a group of "girls in their summer dresses" reminded "Hig" of these lines he penned originally for the Phoenix Flame:

It's dangerous for guys who gaze
To cross the streets on windy days
In traffic's animated maze.

While lovely, lithesome coryphees
Are pirouetting in the breeze
Revealing lingerie and knees.

So watch your step and look both ways
If you'd view boulevard ballets
And not woo R.I.P. bouquets. . . .

ERSKINE CALDWELL'S new novel, "The Sure Hand of God," will be a headliner on the fall list of Duell, Sloan & Pearce. "In this book," say the publishers, "Mr. Caldwell has given the female element the lead." If memory serves, the female element didn't take a back seat in "Tobacco Road" or "God's Little Acre" either! . . .

Dutton will have the big baseball book of recent years in "The Life of Babe Ruth," as told to Robert Considine. It will be released to coincide with the opening of the 1948 major league campaign. . . . Most fans think the Babe's most spectacular home run came in a World's Series game in Chicago, where, after taking a ride from the partisan spectators all afternoon, Ruth pointed to a spot in the center-field bleachers, and then lambasted the next pitch within ten feet of the mark. Ruth's own favorite homer, however, was one he made in an unimportant weekday game at the Yankee Stadium. He had been in a fearful slump for days, and wanted a long hit very badly. In the third inning he caught hold of one and bounced it off the steel girder in the upper grandstand on which the right-field foul line was painted. The crowd roared, and the Babe started jogging happily around the bases—but Umpire Billy Evans called him back. "It's a foul," he decreed. "It hit just an inch or two too far to the right of the line."

Manager Miller Huggins and Ruth's teammates rushed from the dugout to protest, but the mighty Babe waved them away. "I'll show the blank blank blank," he declared grimly. The next pitch he hit on a dead line. The ball was still rising when it hit the very same girder in right field—but this time it was in fair territory by inches.

Umpire Evans doffed his cap to Ruth as he crossed home plate.

BENNETT CERF.

The year's best stories, including the

O. HENRY AWARD

Prize Winners

"As always," wrote STRUTHERS BURT, one of the judges, "I am struck by the sheer virtuosity of these stories . . . and I have been equally impressed by their psychological content."

The four chosen as award winners by editor **Herschel Brickell** *mirror* Mr. Burt's statement perfectly. John Bell Clayton's first prize winner, *The White Circle*, is a skillful, moving story of a child's impulse to murder. Second place went to Eugene L. Burdick's *Rest Camp on Maui*, a story which brings the contrast between fighters and observers to a smashing climax. Elizabeth Parsons' *The Nightingales Sing* —a wonderfully lyrical account of a girl's entry into the adult world—won third prize. And Robert Lewis' vital story of a court-martial in Europe, *Little Victor*, took the special prize for the best first published story.

That the judges' lot was not an easy one will be strikingly evident when you've finished this remarkable volume. For here are the finest from such writers as J. F. Powers, Eudora Welty, Mark Schorer, Benedict Thielen, Jessamyn West, Walter Elder, and Jean Stafford. Twenty-three stories...you may well wonder why there couldn't have been twenty-three prizes.

PRIZE STORIES OF 1947 *THE O. HENRY AWARDS*

Edited by **Herschel Brickell**

At your bookseller's, $3.00

DOUBLEDAY 50th Anniversary

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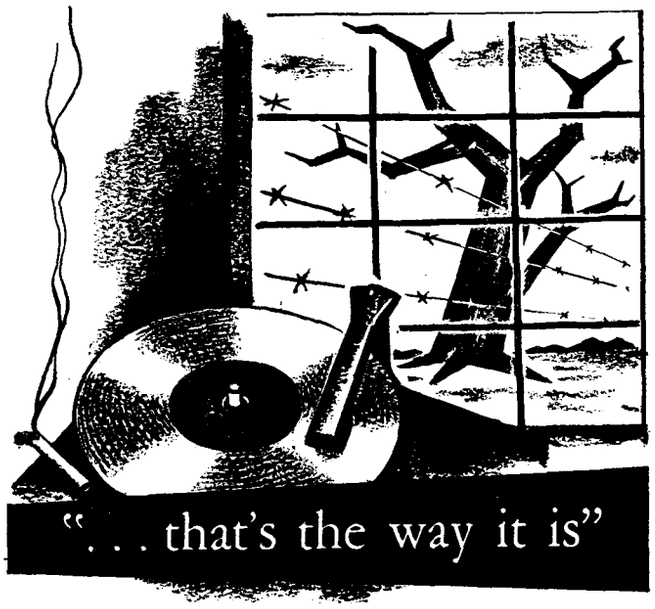

ONE of our editors collects old records. He claims, however, that friends have sat on his choicest items. That this has led him not to drink but to the thoughtful habit of smoking a pipe as he pokes through other people's records (thereby protecting them from the possibility of dropping ash) bespeaks our high type editorial help. At about the time we published STEPPENWOLF he met a girl. We were having lunch at a polished elbow around the corner and he was balancing the tips of his fingers on the table top like a man thinking about a book and he said, "I met a girl."

"Well?" said we.

"She has the damnedest collection of records I ever heard," he said.

"What does she look like?"

"This girl," he said, "has an old Marlene Dietrich record. It is," he said, sweeping us to one side and shifting the balance of his fingers to the rim of a glass, "it is a record that sounds like STEPPENWOLF. It has exactly the quality of decadence and cynicism and schmaltzy romanticism that created the terrible inner conflict Hesse was talking about.

"Somebody sat on mine years ago," he added wistfully, "and this girl has it. She's a wonderful girl," he remarked irrelevantly.

It turned out that the girl was also unusually capable of holding onto possessions, and our editor was still trying to get hold of the record a few days ago when we spotted a newspaper column announcing its reissue. We ripped the announcement out of the paper, brought it to the office, and were rewarded by an invitation to accompany him in purchasing and listening to *Ja So Bin Ich*. This we did, and if it's possible for music to sound the way a book reads, this record sounded like the post-World War I Germany that haunted Hermann Hesse's STEPPENWOLF. We listened to the record a number of times, missing some of its colloquial meaning but none of its emotional impact; we talked about STEPPENWOLF and about Germany and about the German people and about a new book that is terribly connected with all of them. This is an account by a Polish girl who spent over two years in Birkenau, one of the most efficient of the German death factories in Poland. Thinking of her book as we heard a 1926 Dietrich languidly remarking "that's the way it is," we thought also of the commander of another concentration camp who employed an orchestra and a flower garden to distract himself from the dying. An unchecked flow of emotional despair without faith got into this kind of 1920 music — and it's a small step from that to the cynicism of a civilized German of the '40s attempting to protect himself from the indelicacies of the dying with a song and a flower.

Seweryna Szmaglewska has written a book that would have offended the commander — one that will seriously offend any who believe unpleasant things are better left unsaid. SMOKE OVER BIRKENAU isn't even unpleasant. It's a blend of fact and horror that transcends any usual story of simple murder. It's a description of life where death and Nazis held the odds. This is the first sentence in the book:

> Up to January 18, 1945, a total of about five million people were burned in the crematories of Oswiecim and Birkenau. Of this number more than three million were Jews...

Certain people consider this regrettable. Some think a book about five million dead and a few thousand living is apt to be on the sensational side. Some remark that books have already appeared on the subject and what's the difference between them?

It's not easy to say what's the difference. SMOKE OVER BIRKENAU is, in the last analysis, a social document which proves two things—the extreme lengths to which the Nazis could and did go, and the indestructible core of dignity which helps a human being to survive under intolerable conditions. Seweryna Szmaglewska testified at Nuremberg to the truth of her reports in this book. It shook Poland before we bought it for translation into English and publication in America. It should be read by people with a stake in this frightened new atomic world, and when you've finished it you might go back to STEPPENWOLF and remind yourself about the kind of society that made it possible.

It's been done before, but this is not a record to sit on again. Very probably it wouldn't be reissued.

Smoke Over Birkenau
by Seweryna Szmaglewska
translated from the Polish by Jadwiga Rynas
$3.50

Steppenwolf
by Hermann Hesse, translated from the German by Basil Creighton. $2.75

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

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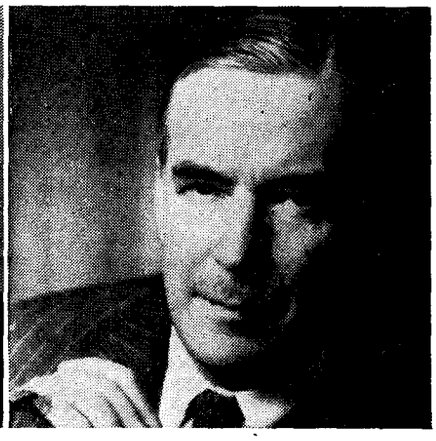
The Saturday Review of Literature

"E. M. Forster has probably set down the outline of [literary] standards better than any other creative writer in history."



The output of Tolstoy, Dickens, Balzac to the contrary, John Marquand thinks writers have said their say by forty.

A Case of Literary Sickness

LOUIS BROMFIELD

Louis Bromfield

THE MOST certain sign of literary sickness is the great flowering of thick, ornate, historical novels, a few of them possessing quality but most of them over-romantic escapist trash. The best-seller list of today appears from time to time to resemble itself in the early part of the century when such books as "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "The Girl of the Limberlost" topped the market for months and sometimes years. Substitute sensational, loud-mouthed books such as "End As a Man" and "The Story of Mrs. Murphy" for the Limberlost series and the parallel with the lists of the beginning of the century becomes very nearly exact. As a people we have perhaps turned from sweetness and sentiment to sensation and dirt. On the best-seller lists of today there are at least half a dozen books which by any literary standards of character, style, philosophy, historical comment, or interpretation are worthless. Their only appeal is sensationalism. The best-seller list also includes two books, "Kingsblood Royal" and "Gentleman's Agreement," which are fictionized journalistic pamphlets based upon timely situations and virtually on a level of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in which the characters have a studied unreality yet still do not enter the realm of good fantasy. On the whole the output of fiction for some time has been upon a general level so low that any book with the slightest claim to quality or originality, however mediocre otherwise, is greeted with wild and hysterical hosannas by reviewers.

Meanwhile publishers complain of a falling market. They might well examine Hollywood complaints on the same subject and probably they would discover that the reasons in both cases are the same—a flood of mediocrity and banality which has ended by gorging to the point of nausea even the least discriminating members of the hungry buying public. It is all very well for publishers to gamble on poor and mediocre novels in the hope that the authors of them may produce something good or distinguished later on, but there are limits, and the full-page assorted advertisements of most publishers are evidence that the limits in the flood of novels published one moment and forgotten the next have been reached.

Where are the publishers to get better novels? I, for one, don't pretend to know. The old, established writers aren't producing them in sufficient numbers and there aren't any signs among the younger writers of another Hemingway, another Fitzgerald, another Sinclair Lewis, or much of anything. After the First World War there emerged a whole group of talented writers, both in fiction and poetry, who grew to maturity and fulfilled their promise. Today the prospects are not bright although a few books like "Tales of the South Pacific," "Mr. Roberts," and "A Bell for Adano" reveal glimpses of light and hope.

What are the reasons for the rise of mediocrity and the death of good writing? Again I don't pretend to know, but I have some theories.

One of them is that we live in times that are too unsettled and disturbing and that few novels are able to compete in interest with the events reported in the pages of the daily papers. Disturbed and violent periods of history do not, generally speaking, produce great books. Writers attempting to compete with the facts of daily history succeed in the end in producing not great novels but only political pamphlets or books so sensational in their effort to compete that they achieve in the main only a glorified unreality. What fiction writer can compete for melodrama or even drama with the stories of Hitler and Eva Braun and Goering's suicide, or the picture of Mussolini and Clara Petacci, hanging upside down like butchered beeves in a Milan garage, or the execution of Ciano, or the tale of Renaud and Madame des Portes, or the goings-on of the Soviet Secret Police or . . . Well, go on and on, the list is endless.

AND THERE are a certain weariness and callousness that were not in evidence a generation ago. Good novels and nearly all good books, even satirical and cynical books, have a certain spiritual base and inspiration whether direct or inverse. To our more mature writers the Second World War was old stuff—the fires of war were burnt out in their hearts and brains long ago. For the younger ones there was neither the crusading spirit nor the spiritual leadership which in the First World War gave the great effort of a nation the spirit of a crusade. World War II was simply a war which had to be fought. For the average boy it had to be won as quickly as possible in order to get home again to the comforts of ordinary day-by-day existence. The mechanics of War II were the mechanics of modern industry in which indi-

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viduality, personal initiative, and even heroism were virtually eliminated. It was the first war in which men wholly served machines instead of machines serving men. In the atomic bomb this Second World War attained its final symbolic mechanization.

Such things do not produce inspiration or heighten human values or illuminate human relationship. It is difficult to love or hate an atomic bomb. In the face of such a weapon one can only become callous or escape through the pages of historical novels to epochs more glamorous, more human, and richer in human values. The increase in mechanization, even in ordinary, daily peacetime existence arrives in the end only at weariness — once man begins to serve the machine instead of the machine serving man.

Book reviewers must share some of the responsibilities of the situation. The lavish praise I have seen poured out upon appallingly mediocre books is disillusioning and depressing both to author and reader. Granted that the book reviewer, like the play reviewer, in our time suffers an hysterical reaction at the discovery of any slight evidence of distinction above the general run of mediocrity, he still has standards by which to judge—long established ones of which, if he is even literate, he must be aware.

E. M. FORSTER has probably set down the outline of these standards better than any other creative writer in history. They are there, to act as a gauge to the quality of a book in terms of its characterization, its style, its story, its beauty of conception, its imagery, its profundity, its satire and symbolism, its content and suspense (vastly important since, as Forster points out, novels are merely extensions of the first tale told by the first prehistoric man who learned to speak.)

I have carefully avoided using that most abused word in our time—critic. It seems to me that a real critic, like Sainte-Beuve or George Brandes, must be also a creator in his own right, he must be one who understands human values and who is objective and above the level of ideologies, of personal feuds, of "causes," and of boredom with his own profession. Such men or women are rare in our times and too much of the reviewing in our press and our literary papers is in the hands of people with missions and prejudices or of literary hacks who are overworked and bored, and actually hate their jobs. And too many of them possess a view and understanding of life and human values bordered by a two-room flat and

the nearest bar. No, in our time it is very difficult to find a man or woman writing of books whose point of view is distinguished by brains, objectivity, and creative power. It is only the critic who can help an established writer by criticism or inspire a young writer to greater and really distinguished achievements. If "End As a Man" and "The Story of Mrs. Murphy" are hailed hysterically as *great* novels, what is the young writer to aim for—certainly not a star.

In a recent inquiry by *Time* magazine, there was a good deal said about the evil influences of Hollywood and its riches upon writers—both established writers and beginners. Some of it had point, some was not valid, and perhaps the most important point of all was overlooked. It was not that the established writers were ruined by Hollywood, which they sometimes are, but that Hollywood swallows up the young writers before they have time to establish their own individuality and realize their own promise. As a rule, the established writer is a rich man by virtue of his book and perhaps his serialization sales. The Hollywood money is Santa Claus money. He can take it or leave it and still be a long way from starvation. The danger of Hollywood money is to the young man or woman struggling along on the proceeds of a modest sale on a first or second promising book. If he receives attention at all from Hollywood it is at the rate of not less than five hundred dollars a week, and to a young and struggling writer five hundred dollars a week looks like millions. Very few if any of them resist. They become *not* the authors of books which sell *to* Hollywood but "Hollywood writers" destined to grind out material in an office at so much a week, to "create" stories which in the end are not *their* stories at all, but the confused result of conferences, compromises, and contributions from men whose originality and genius consist of thinking up a new gag or reviving an old and tattered formula. If they are moderately successful, their salaries climb to one thousand or fifteen hundred dollars a week and presently they have been swallowed up and forgotten and, like as not, out of bitterness and frustration, turn radical. Back in New York or Chicago or Des Moines, people say, "I wonder what became of John Doe. I read an awfully good book by him but I've never heard of him since then." He's probably in Hollywood, living in a big house, with a swimming pool and two or three cars, finding social consciousness the only balm for his frustrated creative ability. One does not build a forest by cutting off all the saplings just as they are beginning to show promise of becoming tall, straight trees.

JOHN MARQUAND is quoted as saying that writers have said their say by the age of forty but there is plenty of evidence that this is not true. Much of the best of Tolstoy, of Dickens, of Balzac, of George Eliot, of Goethe, of indeed nearly all the *great* writers was created after forty. One may have fire in the twenties but one does not have experience or wisdom or balance or a very profound sense of values and human relationships. If Mr. Marquand's statement has truth in reference to our own times it is because there is something wrong, either with the times or with the writers who live in them. What the writer over forty has lost in fire

(*Continued on page* 30)

Exhibit

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

TOO many novels brazenly defied
The Ten Commandments. If the task he faced
Was onerous, it found him on the side
Of those whose labors never went to waste.
From such broad reading he most likely took
More profit than a lot of people might,
Especially when rankled by a book
That kept him turning pages half the night.

His closet shelves were circumspectly crammed
With every sleek best-seller on the list,
And all were annotated, all were damned,
No doubtful word or innuendo missed.
That work of his could only just begin
To scratch the surface of Original Sin.

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Fiction.

Some of the more weighty of our critics have not appreciated that a half dozen American writers have raised historical fiction from a rigid formula to an art. It has taken, for example, ten years for Margaret Mitchell's "Gone with the Wind" to be established in its place as a historical classic that will be read throughout the world for many years to come. Curiously enough, the translations of Lion Feuchtwanger's work, from his twenty-year-old "Power" to "Proud Destiny" reviewed in this issue, in which you will find Benjamin Franklin at the Court of Louis XVI, have always been recognized without hesitation as the work of a great writer. The Civil War and Peter Paul Rubens from the seventeenth century are also represented in this week's bill of fare. . . . Fiction notes: Tom Costain's "The Moneyman," twelfth-century France, and Shellabarger's novel of the Italian Renaissance, "Prince of Foxes," take the first and second place on the list of best sellers this week from "Gentleman's Agreement" and "Kingsblood Royal." Frank Yerby's tale of sex and history has reached fifth place. Among next week's novels watch for another historical study, "The Woman of Property," by Mabel Seeley, and for a fine novel of the circus, T. W. Duncan's "Gus the Great."

Two Worlds Meet

PROUD DESTINY. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Moray Firth. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 640 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

AT FIRST glance, it might seem that Lion Feuchtwanger chooses the themes for his big novels alternately from past centuries and from our own time. But in reality, the author of "Power" and "Success," of "The Ugly Duchess" and "Paris Gazette" is always writing historical novels, being first and foremost concerned with the elucidation of history (past or present) in motion. Or, to put it in Mr. Feuchtwanger's own words, his chief interest is "in what the explorer of nature calls Evolution, and the clergyman Destiny, and what is called by the historical school to which I adhere with all my heart—Progress or Living History."

"Proud Destiny" (which, in the original bears the much more expressive title *"Waffen fuer Amerika oder der amerikanische Emissaer"*—"Arms for America, or the American Emissary") is no exception to that general rule. In this latest and by all standards biggest of his works, Mr. Feuchtwanger unfolds the panorama of prerevolutionary France and the rebellious American Colonies just formed into the United States. And not only does he light up a decisive period of storm and transition in modern history, but by making us participate in the dramatic spectacle of a meeting between an old, refined world clinging to the status quo and a new rugged one with ethics, laws, and customs born out of a revolution, he also gives us a clue to the understanding of similar confrontations today.

—Illustrations from the book jacket.

As accomplished a novelist as he is an historian, Mr. Feuchtwanger achieves his aim through the only valid and worthy means of writing historical fiction, which is through the creation of true characters whose emotions, thoughts, experiences, actions, and surroundings become realities to the reader. So great is his skill that the characters he portrays remain believable and genuine even in those rare moments when their premonitions and musings touch directly upon our time, for instance when Franklin, after a meeting with Lafayette, reflects on this one man's lot and the state of the world:

> Here was a young aristocrat who had been inspired by the example of George Washington to direct all his energies and ambitions towards the destruction of the pernicious traditions of the past, though his own existence was rooted in those traditions. Goodness was truly an infectious force.
>
> The Doctor's mind turned to the wider philosophical aspects. It was the Tory laws, checking the young country's development, which had been so pernicious. They had been repealed and would remain repealed, but the time would come, and probably in the not very distant future, when the youthful American republic would have grown old and much that it had achieved would have grown old and lost its meaning. Just as today a quarter of the population, by dint of sacrifice and self-conquest, had to struggle for the establishment of a new and meaningful world against the sluggish, selfish majority who clung to meaningless survivals of the past, so in a future generation a more active, wiser, and more humane minority would again have to defend itself against the slow-witted mass, against those who were sluggish both in heart and mind. Just as those sluggish spirits spoke today of the good old traditional English way, so would they in time to come prattle about the good old traditional American way.

Costumes, customs, and all the other technicolor paraphernalia are relegated by Mr. Feuchtwanger to their proper place and proportions. And instead of having his heroes dash through continents and over the seven seas from one adventurous incident to another, the author of "Proud Destiny" accomplishes the feat of building up suspense and making the reader feel the mighty pulse of history in motion in spite of the fact that the most important of his characters, Benjamin Franklin, plays throughout the whole novel an extremely slow game, waiting and waiting for the time to become ripe for the Great Alliance between America and France. But perhaps it is not in spite but because of this admirably described genius for waiting that the story gains suspense and momentum as it progresses.

The court of Versailles under a descendant of the Great Louis and his Austrian wife, Marie Antoinette, and the Paris of the Encyclopedists and the *Dames des Halles* a decade before the fall of the Bastille, form the stage on which Mr. Feuchtwanger directs his splendid cast of characters. There is Benjamin Franklin, shrewd and

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wise, patient and philosophical, simple and patriarchal, the great representative of a new world, and his counterpart, brilliant, worldly, witty, mercurial Pierre de Beaumarchais, author of a comedy that was to shake a whole old order ("The Marriage of Figaro"), a "trader in world history" providing arms for the young republic on the other side of the Atlantic. There is Louis XVI, awkward and hesitant, lazy and voracious, a man made to be a perfect little country squire but forced to rule over a declining kingdom, doubly unhappy because he is the only one in the whole crowd of blue-blooded upper crust of France who sees that helping the American rebels against the King of England means sawing off the branch on which the Bourbon regime and its feudal order are sitting. There is beautiful, vain, childish Toinette with her friends and courtesans of the Lilac Coterie. There is her brother Joseph, ambitious rival of Frederick the Great of Prussia, heir to the Hapsburg Empire which he will try to reform according to his philosophy of enlightened despotism. There are cynical and elegant French ministers, somber and petulant members of the American delegation, famous men like Voltaire, Turgot, Lafayette, and unknown young enthusiasts volunteering for a new state in which they see the fulfilment of their Rousseauian ideals.

Many of the scenes of this broadly flowing narrative, told with passion and power, with humor and intimate knowledge of the human heart, will be remembered by its readers a good time after the last page has been turned: old Caron, father of Beaumarchais, dying as he laughs about Figaro's grim jokes; Voltaire on his sick bed; Beaumarchais reading the American declaration of independence to a cheering crowd of French aristocrats, Marie Antoinette giving birth to her first child in the presence of a hundred spectators; Prime Minister Maurepas and Franklin discussing the possibilities of "investing history with a meaning"; Franklin meeting the masqued queen, and so on, and so on.

In short, the novel keeps the promise of the short prefatory note:

> You will find in it . . . the theatre and politics, enmity and friendship, lasciviousness and coquetry, love and business. . . . You will also find in this book men who believe in the possibility of continually learning more about the laws of human evolution. . . . Nor does the story forget to tell of the blindness of men when faced with the march of history. . . . Or of faith in the slow, very slow, yet certain, growth of human reason between the ice age that has passed and the one that is to come.

A Virginia-Eye View

HOUSE DIVIDED. By Ben Ames Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 1514 pp. $5.

Reviewed by MAXWELL GEISMAR

"I SUPPOSE that almost any evil commends itself by its ruin," William Dean Howells wrote in 1871. "The wrecks of slavery are fast growing a fungus crop of sentiment, and they may yet outflourish the remains of the feudal system in the kind of poetry they produce."

Ben Ames Williams's big new novel of the Civil War probably falls into this general category, as do, apparently, the more celebrated best sellers of the past few years, and I have been waiting for some new Harriet Beecher Stowe to proclaim that Simon Legree was also in bondage to Uncle Tom. We ought to remember that the Civil War was fought primarily about the issue of slavery, and that the job is only half done.

Yet "House Divided" is Mr. Williams's most ambitious and interesting achievement to date. It represents a dozen years of preparatory thought and study, as Mr. Williams tells us, "topped by about fifty-two months of concentrated labor." It is a solid and intricate novel, and it has to be evaluated on two or three levels.

I should probably point out at once that "House Divided" does not bring us any fresh illumination on one of the most controversial periods of our national history, and one that has still been inadequately treated in our literary annals. As a historian of the War Between the States, Mr. Williams is concerned with range rather than with depth; his method is panoramic, not apocalyptic. But for the many citizens of the democracy who have a legitimate interest in our history and whose memory of the Civil War wavers somewhere between Vicksburg and Gettysburg, "House Divided" provides a clear, interesting and on the whole just summary of the period from a middle-Southern (Virginian) point of view.

—From the book.

In addition, there is a generous and glamorous tale of a typical Southern land-owning family, full of romance and intrigue, that is sure to attract those readers who have felt something missing in their lives ever since "Gone with the Wind" and that Mr. Williams manages to make credible and absorbing.

The novel itself is divided into three main sections. The "Overture" (1859-1862) describes the social climate of the pre-war years: the moral debates, the rhetorical appeals, the political conventions, the anxiety of those, like the Currains of "House Divided," who were caught between the Southern hot-heads (and cotton planters) and the Northern abolitionists. The "Advance to Gettysburg" (1862-1863) covers the period of the first great Southern victories. General Longstreet, rather than Lee, emerges as the central military figure of Mr. Williams's story; the difference of military opinion between Longstreet and Lee provides the dramatic tension of this section, while the over-all account of the battle of Gettysburg is a fascinating climax and, incidentally, a notable achievement on Mr. Williams's part. The "Retreat to Appomattox" (1863-1865) completes the history of the Confederacy — four years of battle, disaster, and ruin.

The Currains themselves, the central figures of "House Divided," seem to be involved with practically every famous figure in the war from John Wilkes Booth to J. E. B. Stuart. As a matter of fact they are one of those complicated Southern families with so many cousins, kinsmen, and family retainers, that a mere Yankee reviewer, with only one set of parents, is likely to find himself outnumbered.

Nevertheless, the Currains serve a useful purpose in the novel. Through the various members of the family Mr. Williams reaches into almost all the varied levels of his Southern society in its last hours of tension and anguish. Anthony and, to a lesser degree, Faunt Currain represent the more extreme and reckless forms of a Southern landed gentry. Travis Currain, a moderate and thoughtful Virginian, devoted to his land and his people, is the real hero of "House Divided." Redford Streean, a Southern speculator who marries into the family, and who, ruthless and slippery, turns every national calamity

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into a personal triumph, is one of the most colorful of these portraits.

Moreover, in the symbolical episode of Streean and the illegal cargo of nails which becomes more important to him than Fredericksburg, Manassas, or Chickamauga, Mr. Williams almost summarizes the mythology of the budding finance capitalism which was at work in the pre-war South as well as the North.

In this sense, it is too bad that Mr. Williams, particularly in the final section of the novel, succumbs to some of the more sentimental clichés about the old South. Another Virginian, Willa Cather, in so late a novel as "Sapphira and the Slave Girl," showed very plainly the hatred, the degradation, the moral corruption that attended upon even the most beneficient forms of slavery. Mr. Williams tends to rarefy when he does not subordinate these elements. But within its limits, "House Divided" is an interesting novel, and it is bound to be a popular novel.

Maxwell Geismar is the author of "Writers in Crisis." His new volume of literary history and criticism, "The Last of the Provincials," will be published in October.

Eden Invaded

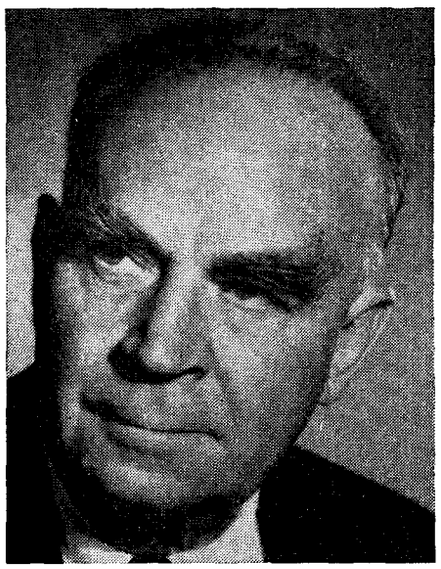
MOUNTAIN VILLAGE. By Chun-Chan Yeh. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1947. 248 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

IN THE remote mountain village on the upper Yangtse the tiled roofs of the twenty-odd houses "looked like a series of waves suspended against the sky." There was Eden-like peace in the valley as the singing peasants planted rice for the spring harvest, soya beans and sweet potatoes for the fall. In the evening the villagers foregathered to listen to the mournful romances spun by their professional storyteller, Lao Liu. A marriage, a religious festival, the birth of a calf—these were the high spots of a simple and kindly existence. The rare stranger from "the big world outside" was welcomed with gentle hospitality. And if Landlord Chumin exploited the peasants —well, who can read the inscrutable minds of the gods?

To that ancient Shangri-la high in the mountains the 1920's brought trouble, disaster, and fear. The old tranquillity and the innocent way of life were never to return. From the big world outside drifted starving refugees and the soldiers of warring armies. A fugitive came who spoke of proletarians, class-consciousness,

"There is passion in the simplicity of Chun-Chan Yeh's novel, a simplicity that is the distinction of an adult culture."



—*Glidden.*

Walter Gilkyson's story "shuttles [the reviewer] between suspecting him of talent and of superficial brilliance."

and the Fatherland of the working masses of the world. It was a foreign and mysterious language.

Neither Uncle Pan nor his neighbors ever had the faintest idea of what the Soviet revolution was all about. Throughout the ideological strife that engulfed the valley they thought of political change in terms of dynasties. Would a new government mean that pigtails were back in vogue as in the pre-republic dynasties? It was a thought to worry the bald and the gray. When the political organizer of the local Revolutionary Party was scheduled to address the villagers, they expected "a grand old gentleman in a sedan chair carried by four coolies, and a young scholar for his secretary carried by two, like the mandarins in the old dynasty." It was baffling to have the young organizer and his secretary arrive unceremoniously on foot, even more so to be addressed as "Comrades."

First the revolutionaries, then the defenders of the old order would claim possession of the village. Each in turn posted orders on the temple wall. When Benchin, the aged Taoist priest, saw the anti-revolutionaries' proclamation he shouted: "The dynasty is again changed! This is the real, permanent dynasty. At last the day breaks." Even as he shouted, officials of the new "dynasty" were on their way to seize him for execution. The foolish old fellow, who had espoused the cause of neither side, had not even the glory of a martyr's death.

There is passion in the simplicity of Mr. Yeh's first novel, a simplicity that is the distillation of an adult and mature culture. His artlessness is of a piece with the artistic moderation that is traditionally Chinese. For despite its political background—autobiographical, one suspects—"Mountain Village" is not an ideological novel. Mother and Uncle Peifu and the young boy who tells the story are prototypal of political innocents the world over who serve as pawns of revolution. But what gives the Yangtse villagers stature is the fact that they are basic human beings, timeless and universal.

In no respect is this truer than of their generous laughter. Theirs is humor of the heart rather than of the mind. The idealism of Mao Mao's misplaced devotion tinges ridicule with compassion. It is perhaps in humor shaded by sadness that the author strikes closest to the bedrock of the human spirit.

End of Enchantment

TOWARD WHAT BRIGHT LAND. By Walter Gilkyson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1947. 522 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG CHAIKIN

I SHALL probably be rougher with Mr. Gilkyson's novel than it deserves, because I am always so much more aggravated by ponderous, almost-good novels than by short, downright-bad ones. And that is just what this book of his is—a five-hundred page chronicle which shuttles me ruthlessly back and forth between suspecting Mr. Gilkyson of talent and suspecting him of the superficial brilliance which is so frequently indicated

(*Continued on page* 28)

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The World.

We wish we could write about vacations or the price of books. But we can't dodge the lesson literally thrown at us by the two books reviewed below. During the war it was easy to know where you were. Vargas of Brazil was an ally, therefore undoubtedly a democrat. Over in Yugoslavia first Mihailovich, then Tito, became the people's choice. It all depended upon what side you were fighting for. Well, the war's over now. Vargas, it appears, was a dictator all along, and if Mihailovich was Fascist, then Tito was Communist. And what of the present world? Perhaps instead of trying to eliminate differences as a basis for peace, we may have to take them for granted and find some way of living with them without having them become incendiary.

Balkan Tumult

TITO'S IMPERIAL COMMUNISM: By R. H. Markham. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1947. 292 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by ROBERT LEE WOLFF

MR. MARKHAM, who has had many years' experience in the Balkans as a newspaper editor and correspondent, and who speaks the south-Slav languages, has written a passionate and vivid account of Yugoslav affairs since the outbreak of the Second World War. He excoriates the wartime Partisan movement and its successor the Tito regime as the enemies of liberty at home and the vanguard of future Communist aggression abroad. Churchill and Roosevelt, Mr. Markham argues, were dupes to be taken in by the democratic protestations of the power-hungry Yugoslav Communists. By allowing them to take over the country, he insists, we sold out the Serbs, who alone realized Tito's true aims. There is much merit in this thesis, argued as it is here long after the event, when the grave difficulties of getting along with a Communist government anywhere in the world have been amply demonstrated.

The author writes with truly evangelical fervor; he began his career as a missionary in Bulgaria, and biblical imagery everywhere colors his prose. But white-hot wrath, even when combined with long experience, is perhaps not the best formula for historical commentary. By the use of emotional rhetoric, by false emphasis, and by giving disproportionately full treatment to some aspects of his subject while neglecting others, Mr. Markham frequently misleads the reader, who should not be disarmed by apparent efforts at impartiality. The book is heavily biased. Of King Peter, for example, at the time of the Serb *coup d'etat* in March 1941, Markham writes:

> The boy led them toward blood and fear and death, but they said, amen. . . . But on that apocalyptic morning, as the thunder of Armageddon was echoing in the distant hills, young Peter stood forth white and pure in the brightness of the dawn, as the soul of a heroic nation and the conscience of mankind.

What casual reader is likely to remember the hushed little disclaimer tucked in between these two grandiloquent sentences: "I would by no means justify the steps Peter took during the years following this fateful act."? Markham devotes pages to heaping ridicule upon some of the sillier propaganda claims of the Partisans. He takes whole chapters to belittle Tito's military contribution or to present details of German and Croat extremist atrocities. But he squeezes Tito's case—and he had a case—into three sentences:

> Also in Tito's favor were the facts that young King Peter was not proving strong moral and political leadership, that the government in exile had been hopelessly divided on all questions, thus making a spectacle of itself, and that Mihailovich's forces at first had been anti-Yugoslav. For a time Tito . . . was the principal bearer of the banners of a reintegrated Yugoslavia.

This is practically all the reader hears with regard to these fundamentally important points. Markham even goes so far as to give his chapter which deals with the German invasion of Yugoslavia the curious title "Soviet Russia Degrades Prostrate Yugoslavia." He refers to the Russian dismissal of Yugoslav diplomats between the German invasion of the Balkans in April 1941 and the attack on the USSR itself in June, a relatively unimportant single incident, and one to which he himself gives only a few paragraphs. The act itself, though craven when compared with the Serb revolt, is easily explicable in terms of the Russian fear of Hitler.

Markham admits that his hero, Mihailovich collaborated with the Nazis and with the Serb quislings, but he actually excuses this: Mihailovich, he argues, realized that Tito was a more dangerous enemy than Hitler. Tito, he hastens to add, also aided the enemy by the mere waging of civil war against Mihailovich. Markham thus places upon Tito the full onus of failing to unite the resistance. Students of the war are hardly likely to find these judgments sound. In discussing the propaganda broadcasts by which the world was "informed" of Yugoslav military developments, he refers to the exaggerations of the Partisan radio, but never mentions Mihailovich's Woods-and-Mountains station, which was guilty of the same practice. He flatly declares that Tito's present regime is "worse" than the pre-war great Serb dictatorships, but never makes any detailed comparison between the two. Indeed, he glosses

—*Press Association.*

Pastoral: Ox-drawn ambulances transport wounded Yugoslavian Partisan fighters from a field hospital—through a seemingly peaceful countryside—to a Partisan hideout.

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over the evils of the earlier regimes. Of the suppression of the Yugoslav Communist party in 1920 (after it had elected fifty-eight deputies and shown itself the fourth strongest in the kingdom) he says only that the other parties wished it outlawed: strange doctrine from a self-styled "fanatical American republican." It is no easy matter to decide which of two Balkan police regimes is "worse." Perhaps study would prove Mr. Markham right, but the effect of his snap judgment without such study is to convince the unwary reader that Tito ushered in a new tyranny instead of modifying an old one.

Markham also sometimes indulges in wishful thinking. Thus there is little doubt that Tito will be able to control the Orthodox church as Stalin has done in the USSR. Markham's prediction of vigorous opposition is based on statements of prelates in exile, and is not significant. Also there are numerous instances of historical misapprehension.

The Yugoslav Moslems were not forcibly converted by the Turks, as Mr. Markham thinks; they were adherents of the Bogomile heresy who took refuge in Islam to escape the attacks of the church. His view of them as "classic quislings" is much too simple; as a minority they generally give support to whatever regime may be in power. The murder of King Alexander by the Ustashi in 1934 was not, as Markham thinks, connected with the murder of the Croat leader Radich by a Montenegrin deputy in Parliament in 1928; both crimes were committed by extremists and deplored by moderates. Croat mourning for Alexander was wide-spread and sincere.

Mr. Markham's book is not history but polemic, and it generates far more heat than light. But his splendid descriptive passages will enable the American reader to appreciate the Serb peasant and Serb village life through all five senses. The book also includes an illuminating chapter on Tito's relations with Bulgaria, which sensibly deplores the fact that south-Slav unity, otherwise desirable, should be cemented under Communist auspices; and another on the present and future role of Macedonia, the chief point from which pressure may be applied by the Soviet-dominated Slav states against Greece. Far too little is said about the strategic importance of Albania in this Soviet scheme, and about the surprising communization of that primitive country. None the less, these chapters, better than anything else which has yet been published, make clear the task our government faces in its undertaking to aid Greece.

Brazil Today

THE BRAZILIANS: PEOPLE OF TOMORROW. By Hernane Tavares de Sá. New York: John Day Company. 1947. 248 *pp. and index.* $3.

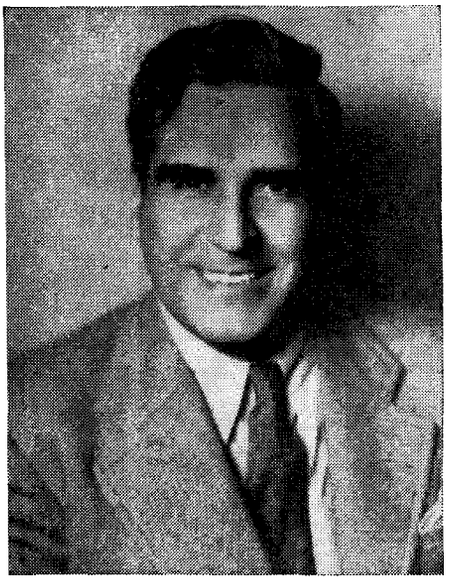
Reviewed by STEPHEN NAFT

HOW THE largest country of Latin America, only two years ago, narrowly escaped the perpetuation of dictatorship, makes exciting reading. Tavares de Sá's book, in addition to revealing new and shocking details on Brazil's government methods under President Vargas (1930-45), is one of the most complete and readable accounts yet published on the contemporary life and politics of his native country. Tavares, a Brazilian journalist whose work has been published also in American periodicals, has made three tours of the United States, two of them under the auspices of the Institute of International Education.

Few reports hitherto published in this country have given such detailed information about the corruption and graft Vargas introduced into Brazil's government and the private enterprises working with it. In the chapter "What Rotted under Vargas," Tavares tells how the president cowed and terrorized the leading classes into submission, and how misuse of public funds became common. Though Vargas himself did not accumulate wealth during his long stay in office, those around him—as is very often the case—used their positions to enrich themselves from the public treasury.

Tavares tells how the Quintandinha, the most luxurious hotel in the world, was built with $10,500,000 advanced by the federal social security institutions, and how those entitled to receive social security pensions had to wait for two years because the funds had been used to erect the hotel, which became a gigantic gambling den. He tells how, when a tunnel cave-in cut Rio de Janeiro's railway connections with its sources of food supply, and the city was near starvation, the trucks which could have been used to transport food were instead carrying sand to an artificial lake beach under construction at the hotel.

The book describes Vargas's methods of dictatorial rule, his establishing of a police state, his suppression of opposition newspapers, and his control of the press by fiscal methods, which later were faithfully imitated by Peron. Inside information is given about the bloodless revolution of the generals and their conspiracy which overthrew Vargas probably only a few hours before he would have started his *coup d'état* to perpetuate himself in power—with the help of the Communists whom he had formerly persecuted. Vargas seems to have hoped to use Prestes, the Brazilian Communist chief, for his own purposes, but Tavares thinks that Vargas would have been outwitted by Prestes. To prevent the possibility of the Communists ruling Brazil, the generals decided to eliminate Vargas.



—*Shelburne Studios.*

Hernane Tavares de Sá: "Wretched living conditions make Brazil particularly vulnerable to Red totalitarianism."

The social and labor legislation recently established in Brazil, which won Vargas a large following among the masses, is described. The picture of modern dictatorships is similar everywhere. In Brazil, as in Argentina and in Europe, the dictators no longer base their power on the armed forces alone, but must find a mass basis by material concessions to win the people. And large sections of the masses seem to value considerations of personal liberty and dignity less than the promise of a regular meal ticket.

In general, Tavares writes sympathetically on Prestes, but he also points out that the Communists lost many adherents in Brazil by Prestes's "cynical opportunism, his unconditional support of Soviet policies and his blind, vicious hatred of the United States."

The author opposes the suppression of the Communist Party, however, because he thinks that, driven undeground, Communism will be a mortal danger to Brazil, for "the personality of its leader allied with the wretched living conditions of the people make the country particularly vulnerable to Red totalitarianism."

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Govt. and Politics.

What's the recipe behind American government? Take two parts pressure groups—aggregates of power outside of government like business, labor, political machines—and add one part pure chance. John Chamberlain, in "The American Stakes" published seven years ago, called it the "sorting of the take." It's hard to believe that our politicians will ever be free from inner and outer pressure. Muckraking is no answer: powerful business interests, Reddig tells us in his "Tom's Town," replaced Pendergast's machine after its breakup in 1940. *And it was Pendergast who sent Harry F. Truman to Washington. Maybe the classic American principle of checks and balances should be extended to the power groups outside government. If no single group dominated elections, the choice of worthy officials might be made easier. In his "Or Forfeit Freedom," General Johnson recommends decentralization of business to curb its power. It's the old argument of laissez-faire all over again. Who will let who do what and how far?*

Ready-Mix Regime

TOM'S TOWN. By William M. Reddig. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1947. 394 pp. $4.

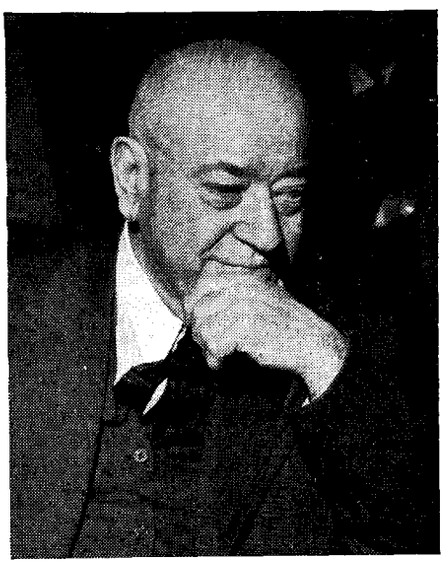
Reviewed by JOHN D. WEAVER

AS FEATURE editor of the *Kansas City Star*, William M. Reddig had a press-box seat for the final act in the dramatic history of the Pendergast machine. He saw Tom Pendergast go to prison along with his chief henchmen. He saw a reform group capture City Hall and hold it. Five years ago, when he set out to write the story of the Pendergast era, "Tom's Town" seemed primarily a work of local and academic interest, garnished with graft, gang killings, kidnapings, and unobstructed vice, but history overtook the author in April 1945, when Harry S. Truman became President of the United States. Now with a dues-paying member in the White House and with sensational new vote fraud charges levelled against it, the Pendergast machine is again in the news and likely to remain there throughout 1948.

Truman's connection with the Pendergast organization has been thoroughly explored and discussed. It is, as Reddig reaffirms, a record of obscurity and availability, of efficient administration, integrity, and intense loyalty. When Boss Tom died, Vice President Truman flew to Kansas City for the funeral, a trip he might easily have ducked. The contrast between Truman's New Deal voting record in the Senate and his subsequent actions as President is discussed at some length by Reddig, who points out that Senator Truman's intimates in Washington were never such men as Wallace, Ickes, and Hopkins (he saw F.D.R. only five or six times), but rather Bennett Clark, Burton Wheeler, and John Garner. As Roy Roberts, then managing editor of the *Star* to whom the New Deal was a twelve-year nightmare, wrote in 1944, "The Senator's close friends . . . knew that at heart he was an old fashioned Missourian—not a pink or a reformer."

The Pendergast dynasty was founded in 1881 by Jim Pendergast, who struck it rich by betting his puddler's savings on a long shot. Jim bought an inn and a saloon, ran for alderman, became Boss of the First Ward, then sent for his three brothers to help him manage his expanding political and business activities. John took over the Main Street saloon. Mike handled the rougher phases of organizational work. Tom served his apprenticeship as an election worker, saloon bookkeeper, and cashier in a Pendergast liquor concession at a race track. By 1910 Alderman Jim was ready to retire, and Tom Pendergast, then thirty-seven years old, took over the political reins, reaching the peak of his power in the 1925 election when Kansas City changed to the city manager form of government, an arrangement which proved ideal for the Boss.

For ten years Kansas City streets and Clay County roads were paved with Pendergast concrete, torn up, then paved again, and the Boss, holding no political office, was always the first man to be called upon by prospective candidates. The Governor's Mansion came to be known as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The Boss now lived in a huge, handsome house in the fashionable South Side district. His horseplaying was nearing the million-dollar-a-year mark. He was photographed at his daughter's wedding in a top hat and cutaway (a political blunder he did not make again). Gambling was wide open, the pay-offs made regularly, collected by Pendergast henchmen. The crime rate was appalling, but there were free turkeys for the poor every Christmas. No one ever got a glimpse of the city's books, but business was booming under the impetus of the Ten-Year Plan calling for the expenditure of thirty-two million dollars on city projects, which would of course require more Pendergast concrete (the Boss's Ready-Mixed Concrete was highly regarded then).



—*Press Association.*

Tom Pendergast smilingly pleads innocent to income tax charges—prior to going "to prison along with his chief henchmen."

A vigorous one-man campaign against the machine was launched by a local rabbi. Constant sniping came from a civic research expert. A few ministers and church women rose up to protest now and then against some spectacular wrong, but there was no concerted drive during this golden period of the Pendergast machine. The *Star*, with its crusading founder dead, looked the other way. "The machine came into being," Reddig points out, "because it was effective in serving special interests above the common good, and grew until the machine itself was about to become the largest special interest—the supreme monopoly of the system that produced it."

The bankers and industrialists who had helped finance Pendergast, attracted by the machine's ability to suppress labor disorders and do important "favors," turned on the Boss when his power outgrew their control. Hitler's financial supporters had suffered a similar disillusion in their bid for power. A Nonpartisan reform group was organized, backed by the powerful voice of the *Star*, and in 1940 the business interests gained direct control of the City Hall. They have not shared it with Pendergast, with labor, or any other group. "Thus far," Reddig writes, "there has been no broadening of the base of political organization to give a larger voice to other elements of the population besides business, and the significant thing about all this is the small part the public actually plays in the selection of candidates and the formulation of policy."

Reddig has written his history of

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the Pendergast machine in a reportorial style which manages to combine plain city desk prose with a great deal of humor, irony, and insight. He has dwelt with obvious delight on the local characters, the factions, and feuds, and has given several brilliant personality sketches, notably those of Colonel Nelson and Mary McElroy, and, for comic relief, the rambunctious police chief installed by the reformers, an ex-G-man so disturbingly conscious of his divine mission to suppress criminals, Reds, and labor leaders that many Kansas Citians "began to wonder if democracy could stand the strain of absolute rectitude."

Reddig has not only told the story of "Tom's Town" with all its color and corruption, but he has also studied its implications, giving the book a political depth and interest far beyond the accidental timeliness of its background material on the Thirty-Third President.

John D. Weaver was for five years a feature writer and copy reader on the Kansas City Star *and was one of the three reporters who covered the sentencing of Tom Pendergast.*

—*"American Tragedy," by Philip Evergood.*

". . . higher take home pay would be less costly in financial terms and far more advantageous in human terms [than public or private welfare assistance]."

Our Outmoded Economy

OR FORFEIT FREEDOM. By Robert Wood Johnson. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 271 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by HERBERT HARRIS

THIS is one of the most important books ever written by an American businessman. For Robert Wood Johnson sends crashing down many of the idols before which the majority of U. S. industrialists still bend and bow. It is hardly possible to accuse Mr. Johnson of never having had to meet a payroll, or of being a theorist with flowing tresses. He is chairman of the board of Johnson & Johnson, and during the war was a key figure in the WPB and a brigadier general in Army Ordnance. He is convinced that our economic system, despite the flush of its current prosperity, may really be "staggering toward collapse." He is similarly convinced that the confidence of the American people in management's ability to lead is on the decline. He affirms that the American Century is less a brilliant intuition of Henry R. Luce than an obligation, urgent and challenging. Above all he is sure that to accept that obligation, and to deliver on it, we will have to reevaluate and to recast many of the rules that govern our work, our well-being, and our willingness to grow up, individually and collectively.

He suggests that we might start by throwing off our enslavement to the "Laissez faire, laisser passer" doctrine of Adam Smith which, from the outset, became a "code of business freedom that bordered on nihilism." Moreover, when Herbert Spencer married Smith's economics to Darwin's survival of the fittest, the result was a moral monster. Mr. Johnson describes it as a "system of savage brutality disguised by the terminology of science." He adds that "to men already battling for wealth it gave authority for competition as ruthless and impersonal as that waged by weeds and wild beasts. It also justified exploitation . . . and dignified greed as part of the struggle for existence."

Moving from Spencerism to the famous encyclical "On the Condition of the Working Classes" (Rerum Novarum), issued by Pope Leo XIII in 1891, Mr. Johnson refers approvingly to the papal stricture that the consolidation of production and trade into the hands of a few fabulously powerful magnates enabled them to lay "a yoke little better than slavery" on the laboring masses. In our more recent days, declares Mr. Johnson, American business, notably Big Business, forsook its faith in the blessing of a free market-place and developed monopolistic methods that further concentrated economic power and national income into a tiny but dominant top-layer group in our society. During the New Deal period when such "rugged individualists managed to make themselves offensive as well as ridiculous," Mr. Johnson continues, our labor unions too often duplicated the socially irresponsible performances of industry. The professional management of labor was frequently as arbitrary and dictatorial as the professional management of a giant corporation. Even today in many a union, the rank-and-file member has no more chance of influencing its conduct than a 100-share stockholder has in shaping the policy of General Motors.

Whatever the errors of our past, Mr. Johnson implies, they are as nothing when compared with the primary error of our present, namely, our failure to realize that "for the first time in history men can produce enough of the goods and services to provide a decent living. That is the novel and basic fact by which we must gauge the future success of our economic system." He quickly points out that this new sufficiency is potential, rather than actual, and is at the moment confined to the 140 million inhabitants of the United States. Yet the damage done by the scarcity consciousness which prevails among our executives, labor leaders, and politicians is beyond calculation. Their blunderings derive mainly from their attempt to put twentieth-century productivity into the straightjacket of eighteenth-century economic ideas. They refuse to concede that we have been progressively repealing the law of do without by developing mechanical

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energy to supplement human energy, and multiply it in field and factory. This explains in part why the American businessman tends to be parochial and separatist in his outlook, to act on the assumption that he can secede, as a sovereign entity, from the rest of the national economic community. It explains why businessmen, for example, lobbied in Washington to defeat the recent proposal to raise minimum wages to sixty-five cents an hour—even though the passage of this measure would have enlarged the national purchasing power on which their own profits ultimately depend; even though it would have saved them money. For in one way or another they have to meet the costs of sub-standard wages. They have either to pay higher taxes to sustain social services, or contribute larger sums to charity. Today, Mr. Johnson reminds us, we have eleven million wage earners permanently underpaid. They get less than sixty-five cents an hour, or $24 a week, gross. To maintain them in a condition where they have constantly to be assisted by private or public welfare agencies is not only stupid and wasteful and cruel; it is inordinately expensive. "To pay the bill at the source," in the form of higher take home pay, says Mr. Johnson, would be far less costly in financial terms and far more advantageous in human terms.

It is in his emphasis on the human side that Mr. Johnson makes his most valuable contribution. He confronts the problem of faceless men along the assembly line. He perceives their need to feel that they "belong," to achieve dignity on the job, and pride in their skills; to be recognized as persons, not only as badge numbers, or as marks on a comptroller's cost sheets. Underscoring the conclusions of Harvard's Elton Mayo and B. W. Selekman, Mr. Johnson insists that the emotional security of the worker is quite as important as his economic security, and that management has to foster both. He believes that by means of imaginative job analysis, even routine repetitive tasks can be made meaningful when the worker is shown how his particular operation connects with the overall production scheme.

It is this same stress on the human side that underlies Mr. Johnson's plea to decentralize management functions. He points out that big business, in piling department upon department, layering upon layering, is guilty of the very charge it levels at government: that of building a bureaucracy too cumbersome to move swiftly, effectively, flexibly. In this respect Mr. Johnson echoes the Brandeisian view that a factory should be about as long as a man's shadow. While he admits that some industries such as steel and automobiles require large-scale operation, he contends that these cannot produce efficiently when responsibility is diffused by indulgence in too many experts, too many conferences, too many memoranda in triplicate. He is certain that the huge plant can itself be decentralized by giving to each "manageable" unit a head with authority enough to decide things on his own, on the scene, without chain command referrals. Indeed, to break an administrative or economic or ethical issue down into its components and to relate the parts to the whole would seem to be the essence of Mr. Johnson's creed. The deficiencies of that creed become the major defects in this book. What Mr. Johnson seems to lack is a realistic appreciation of government's role in the economy, the need for a new partnership between government and industry and labor and agriculture. Equally important, he seems also to lack any awareness of the peril of having most members of Congress, radio and press editors, commentators, and educators think and act precisely as Big Business wants them to think and act; thus we fashion our new totalitarianism of the mind, a uniformity that is nonviolent but quite as lethal as the body-burning kind.

Herbert Harris, formerly special adviser to the War Production Board, is the author of several books and studies on economic affairs.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT: No. 221

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 221 will be found in the next issue.

PA BET PLITOR BETO

LRPCSXEO, XRHHRO LEH ZE

PH XB SWGKRV.

C. X. VSWF — QWMPQV AEO

ORKEGTHPELPVHV

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 220

Fighting is an instinct and civilization means simply the conquest of instincts.
GEORGE SANTAYANA

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SOME ANAGRAMMED BIOGRAPHIES

The following anagrams of famous biographies and autobiographies were prepared by Jane and Alan Otten, of Washington, D. C. As for the scoring—let your conscience be your guide! Answers are on page 26.

1. Mt. Stipperface	A. A. Kleisch
2. Dean Chandau's Theory of Time	May Handers
3. Red Sporger's Pals	Lord Peeldash
4. At Tea Time in Reno	W. E. Fitzegans
5. Try Poison, Lasher!	Steven N. Chaine
6. Emily F.	Vachel Kolesil
7. Mamie Ebershirm	Ezra N. Shniss
8. Alias the Primer	Ben Gardner Fluddin
9. Joan Wrecks Dan	Squire J. Amsam
10. Ann Poole	Will U. Digem
11. Inquire at Cove	Tony Y. St. Charlet
12. Oh, Nose Full of Jasmine	Sewel J. Basom
13. Eeler	Frau Salome Gast und Holle
14. Ease Thy Hand	N. M. Chenkel
15. Life Teaches Dana Moora	Austin Romeo Millsoe
16. Marlin B. Cohalan	Dunbar L. Scrag
17. Happy Times, Prince	Abbie B. Tewcer
18. Godwin, the Poet, Cringes	Nero E. Flewg
19. Anna Bit on a Ruby Lip	Lillian W. Milethawe
20. Jane Minkrinn Balf	Vera N. Rocland
21. And Vipers Entice It	Don Rowlace
22. Muse Might Pun	Theresa M. Gowammus
23. Voodoo Letters Here	Lynn Ferephrig
24. Mary of Pluvers	Hobart Tonkin Gowes
25. Oslo Window Row	Barrant A. Dankersy

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Criticism.

One of our regular reviewers, Fletcher Pratt, has for years been preaching to us the gospel of science fiction. And there are even a few among the younger scientists who have caught the infection. One of these, engaged during the war in secret work in atomic physics, used to vent on us his bottled-up ardor for the atom by talking up the latest atomic tale in Amazing Stories. *Like Mr. Pratt, he maintained that science fiction not only had an astounding record for scientific accuracy, but was good literature; it was readable, competent—and neglected. There are many more like Mr. Pratt and our friend. The cult of science fiction is spreading. Bailey's "Pilgrims Through Space and Time" will do much to help a promising type of story to its rightful place beside the more conventional forms discussed by Harrison Smith below in his review of "The Prize Stories of* 1947." *Here is a new challenge for younger writers.*

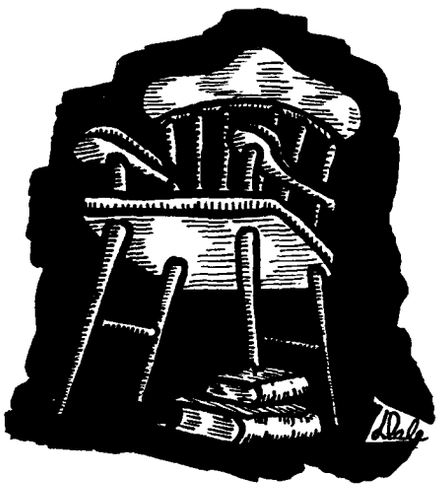
What Writers Think

PRIZE STORIES OF 1947. *The O. Henry Awards. Edited by Herschel Brickell. New York: Doubleday & Co.* 1947. 285 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

THIS year's collection of published short stories, founded twenty-nine years ago as a memorial to O. Henry, should be as interesting to the psychiatrists as it is to the inquisitive seeker into literary trends or to the casual reader who assumes that he will find his money's worth in the work of the twenty-three writers whose contributions fill this volume. In several ways it is a disappointing selection. No new writer has been found by editor Herschel Brickell and his assistants who can be heralded as an important discovery. Writers whose stories have won prizes in recent years have not lived up to expectations and have produced mediocre work or have been silent. The themes in these short fictional studies of contemporary America do not lack originality, but it is impossible to find one with enough vitality to assure either its tenacity over a long period or that its inventor will develop into another Steinbeck, Hemingway, Wolfe, or Faulkner. It is as if these twenty-three writers had been exposed to the influence of so many stars and had been blown upon by all the winds of the heavens.

Mr. Brickell writes in his preface that "the touch of the master hand, sure of itself and its material . . . was conspicuously absent from the picture," the picture presumably being the immense panorama of stories published in all of our magazines during a whole year up to May of this year. That is a large order to fill, and no one can question that Mr. Brickell, Struthers Burt, Muriel Fuller, and Paul Jordan-Smith, to say nothing of Mrs. Brickell, have exhaustively and faithfully covered the field. Their taste is catholic; they were looking for the best stories they could find from any source. The only criticism that might be leveled at them is that they are obviously more interested in the "successful" story than new experiments or in those that are merely character studies, anecdotes, or the revelation of a single mood. In that, however, they are following the fictional trend of the time which is reverting to the sound classical idea that fiction should have form as well as substance, a plot as well as an idea. With few exceptions, the stories came from where you might expect to find good literature, though it is surprising that only one was picked from *The New Yorker*. Some of the best published stories emerge in these days from the women's magazines, but this year only *Harper's Bazaar*, *Mademoiselle*, and *McCall's* are listed; the first with six stories and the second with three, giving almost half of the entire collection to only three magazines in this large field. *The Atlantic* and *Harper's Magazine* have contributed their usual average of three stories each; the rest of the collection comes from the well-known small Quarterly reviews, *Yale*, *Kenyon*, *New Mexico*, and *Accent*. One story came from *Tomorrow*, whose fiction has recently increased in range and merit.



The box-scores of authors and magazines seem to be of absorbing interest to a great number of amateurs, and Mr. Brickell's preface devotes a good deal of space to this kind of literary arithmetic complicated by his investigation of the past records of the three yearly prize winners since 1941.

It is more important to find out what these twenty-three trained or beginning writers have been thinking about than to speculate on their futures or on the individaul literary merit of their work as it appears in this volume. In spite of Sinclair Lewis's dictum that a writer who says he is not writing for money is a liar, it is safe to say that nine-tenths of these stories are not the sort of concoctions brewed and flavored so that they might bring in the largest possible number of dollars. They are highly skilful performances in the art of short fiction, but they are also the product of men and women who had something on their minds that they must at all cost and, if necessary, to no profit, put down on paper. Since they are sensitive and intelligent people, it is worth while to find out what thoughts and speculations are so important to them that they have found their devious ways into this book. To an amateur psychologist, the record is a dismal one to contemplate; it does not add up, as Struthers Burt writes, to a "very happy picture." He continues, "Not a single one of these stories presents a ray of hope for things as they are. And this runs from the average American marriage to the country in general—a sort of grim acceptance that the American Dream has gone badly askew."

Let us consider some of the stories that are the more revealing because the ready-made themes of a few years ago are disappearing, the war, for example, or racial antagonism. John Bell Clayton's "The White Circle," which won the first prize, is about a sensitive boy's attempt to murder a young bully. Mary Deasy's "The Holiday" explodes the myth that a day's holiday for the children accomplishes anything but boredom and the revelation of the worst qualities of their parents. Margaret Shedd's brilliant "The Great Fire of 1945" ties up domestic pyromania with the atomic bomb. "The Echo," by Paul Bowles, is about a girl who nearly goes mad when she discovers that her mother's devotion to another woman is robbing her of love. Jane Cobb's dismal story of the tenacious bonds of hatred in marriage is a curious combination of mental sadism and hot weather. Jean Stafford's contribution is an unpleasant tale of senescence. Jessamyn West, who has written so many tranquil

(*Continued on page* 34)

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The Screen As Teacher

Education Develops New Tools and Techniques

WILLIAM LEWIN

TWO of the most important words in American education today are "sound" and "film." Indeed, an entire industry is being built to service what is known as the "audio-visual" field. Manufacturers, producers, distributors, dealers are springing up to meet the demand for instructional films, filmstrips, recordings, audio-visual devices of all kinds. The larger projector companies, like Bell and Howell, Victor Animatograph, DeVry, and Ampro, are moving into the realm of big business. RCA Victor, coming out with a greatly improved 16mm projector, in addition to its magnificent array of recordings, radio receivers, and television equipment, will make the market a battlefield of giants. Smaller firms must merge or die.

The forthcoming 1947 Year Book of the Allied Non-Theatrical Film Association lists 131 manufacturers in the audio-visual field, 178 producers, 260 sponsors of 16mm films, 712 film libraries, and 2330 individuals in its Audio-Visual Who's Who. The 1946 Year Book listed less than half as many.

Publishing firms are joining the trend. McGraw-Hill's new text-film department, headed by Albert J. Rosenberg, formerly of the U. S. Office of Education, has twenty-four films and twenty-two filmstrips ready to release. John Wiley & Sons has appointed Ned Reglein, formerly of Teaching Films Corporation, to organize a text-film department. Popular Science Publishing Company has established an audio-visual division, with David J. Goodman as editor-in-chief, and has produced sixty-five Teach - O - Filmstrips, fifty - four of which have already been carefully evaluated in seventeen educational centers. *Popular Science* has also produced a series of recordings for classes in literature and history. *Coronet Magazine* has a film studio and is releasing about forty films this year. *The Reader's Digest* is producing a kit of six filmstrips on "Our American Heritage," as a contribution to the program of the American Heritage Foundation, dramatized by the trek of the Freedom Train. *Young America*, a magazine for youngsters, has produced some excellent films and filmstrips. A group of seven publishers (Harcourt-Brace, Harper, Holt, Houghton Mifflin, Macmillan, Scholastic, and Scott Foresman) have surveyed the audio-visual field and are cooperating with the American Council on Education, under a grant from the Hollywood picture companies, in the production of half a dozen experimental classroom films.

Wisely the publishers are not expecting to derive profits from these productions. At this stage of the game they are glad to break even or to charge off the expense to the promotion of books and magazines. Time was when publishers looked upon films as the enemies of books. Tom Edison and others forecast that films would largely replace the printed word. Experience, however, has proved that films greatly stimulate interest in books. The release of a photoplay version puts new life into the sales of books. Now, like the Hollywood producer, the classroom movie maker is proving a friend to the publisher.

Making films is not easy. The classroom film, like its big brother the feature, is the most expensive, the most complex, and the least standardized form of communication.

Independent instructional film producers like Britannica, Pictorial, and Teaching Films Corporation, spending from $2,500 to $12,000 on a classroom reel, are lucky if they sell an average of 500 prints during the year following the film's release. Deducting laboratory and sales costs from the forty-five-dollar list price, there remains only a small margin of profit on the investment—say five dollars a print or $2,500 within a year after the film is released—provided the film is a good one. At the 1947 ANFA convention it was reported that Britannica's most successful film had sold 1,200 prints. Would the publisher of a work selling for forty-five dollars be satisfied with sales of only 1,200 copies the first year?

Nevertheless there is considerable optimism in the audio-visual industry and among administrators of educational film libraries.

Public, private, and parochial schools are modernizing their methods. Colleges and universities are developing audio-visual centers. Teacher-training schools are now training their students in the new techniques.

Chancellor Robert M. Hutchins: "The film has the power that no other medium can command . . . and can do more than any other single thing to unite the world." (From a talk by Chancellor Hutchins at a meeting of the National Association of Visual Education Dealers, August 5, 1947.)

Most active of the organizations waving the flag for visual education is the N.E.A. Department of Secondary Teachers. That organization is launching a National Audio-Visual Education Week, October 27-31, this year, developing an Audio-Visual Awards Project as part of its ten-point program. Schools and colleges doing outstanding work with visual materials will receive, in addition to "glory," practical encouragement in the form of projectors, screens, films, photographic accessories, pictured encyclopedias, and the like. The Beseler Company, manufacturer of newly improved opaque projectors, for example, is offering $3,000 worth of equipment. (The opaque projector, which will throw on a classroom screen a theme, an 8½-by-11 letter, or an 8-by-10 movie still, is one of the most urgently needed visual devices in education, yet at present there is a market for only 5,000 such projectors a year, with three companies in the field—Bausch & Lomb and American Optical Company, in addition to Beseler.) A total of $50,000 worth of equipment has been promised for use as awards.

THE objective of the Awards Project is to develop county demonstration centers in a series of states from coast to coast. To qualify, schools and colleges must have a majority of teachers at all levels making curricular use of audio-visual materials of various types, including the discussion of photoplay features.

The newly organized Film Council

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of America is making notable contributions to the cause of visual education. The FCA was founded by C. R. Reagan, a former schoolman and one-time head of the OWI 16mm division, which reached 31,000,000 people with wartime films. "C.R." is a visual-education dealer in Texas. He has turned the reins of FCA over to Thurman White, formerly head of the film center of the University of Oklahoma. A score of local film councils affiliated with the Film Council of America have sprung up, and their number is destined to increase rapidly. Typical of such councils is that recently formed at Newark, where fifty-two community organizations are participating.

Newest of the trade organizations is the National Association of Visual Education dealers, which recently attracted 1,000 visitors at its second annual convention in Chicago. These dealers expect to sell some 50,000 projectors a year, at least half of them to schools.

Estimates of the number of sound projectors in the schools today vary from 30,000 to 60,000. During the war the armed forces purchased 61,000 projectors. None of these have become surplus. In 1947, the War Department ordered 5,700 additional projectors. The armed forces have purchased more than the schools have since the birth of the movies.

The American Council of Education recommends the purchase of at least one projector for every 200 students. L. C. Larson, head of the Indiana University Film Center, predicts that this goal will be reached by 1950—between 150,000 and 200,000 projectors in the schools.

The greatest impetus to the expansion of the use of films in education comes from the production of good films. The extraordinary success of Army and Navy training films is at the root of present trends. Uncle Sam in five years has spent $100,000,000 on production and distribution, and $21,000,000 on projectors.

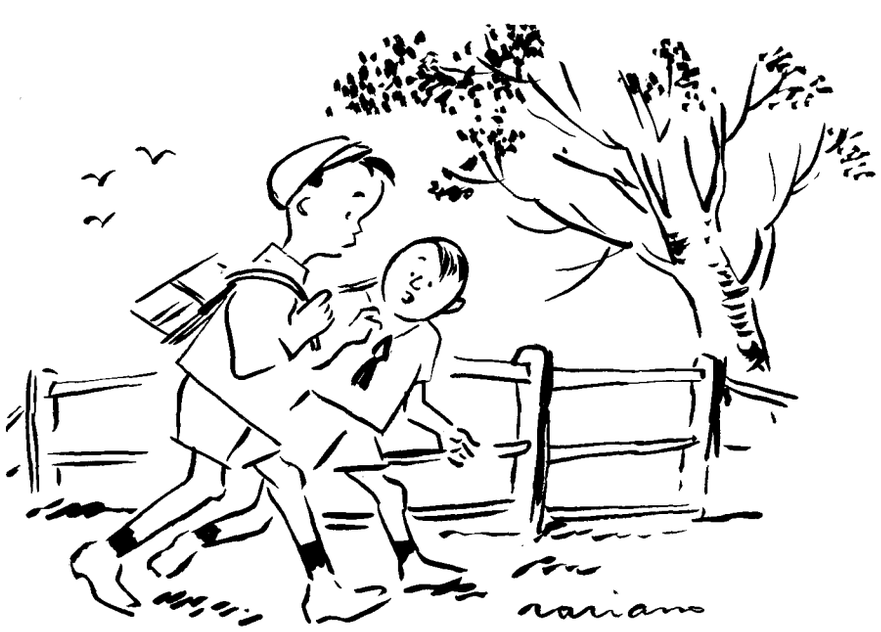
The chief commercial beneficiaries of these expenditures thus far have been the equipment manufacturers. In 1946 Bell and Howell alone reported sales in excess of $10,000,000, an 85% increase over 1941. Victor Animatograph has become a subsidiary of Wright Aeronautical, Ampro of General Precision, with research laboratories comparable to those of RCA and Eastman. One by one the projector manufacturers are presenting lighter, cheaper, and better machines for an expanding world market.

Ironically, educational film producers have as yet no such profitable market, and yet the upward trend in the audio-visual movement depends more upon good films than on any other single factor.

Commercial film libraries and distributing organizations find the going easier than do the producers. Ideal Pictures Corporation, a library system, is handling twenty times as many bookings as a decade ago.

The schools are doing their best to cooperate. The Ohio State Department of Education has increased its bookings sixteen-fold in a decade, reporting a present average of 800 film shipments a day as against fifty shipments a day in 1937.

Indiana University's Film Center is operating under a budget of $350,000 this year. During 1947-48 Indiana institutions are expected to spend more than $500,000 for audio-visual materials and equipment. This amounts to approximately twenty-five dollars per teacher. Within the next five years, Indiana authorities expect that annual expenditures for visual education will average $150 per teacher, with a total of $3,000,000 in that state.



"The trouble with parents is that by the time we get them they're so set in their ways."

RIVALING the Britannica film organization in Chicago is the newly formed United World Films in New York, which came into existence in a similar way. After Eastman and Erpi divested themselves of their film production activities, Bell and Howell followed suit by disposing of its Filmosound Library of 6,000 subjects to Universal Pictures in November, 1946. Manufacturers feel they have done their part in initiating film production. Universal, the only major Hollywood producer with an educational film activity, set up United World Films jointly with J. Arthur Rank, British film magnate, combining the Filmosound Library with the Gaumont British Instructional unit. United World's production program calls for sixty pictures a year, beginning with a notable geography series filmed throughout the world.

An important source of educational films is British Information Services. That organization has distributed about 500 short films in this country, of which 110 are of lasting value. In great demand is a British film version of scenes in Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," of which 1000 prints have been sold at $37.50 apiece, a bargain price.

An important phase of the audio-visual trend is the photoplay appreciation movement. Ever since the National Council of Teachers of English introduced curriculum units in relation to the popular photoplay in an ambitious experiment a dozen years ago, guides to the discussion of literary, historical, biographical, and musical photoplays have been used in the schools. Study guides to the screen versions of "A Tale of Two Cities," "David Copperfield," "The Good Earth," "Little Women," and "Mutiny on the Bounty" have greatly stimulated student interest in those books. Current study guides to film versions of "Great Expectations" and "The Yearling" are doing a similar job. Forthcoming films that will be widely discussed in the schools are the Orson Welles "Macbeth," to be released by Republic, and the Laurence Olivier "Hamlet," to be released by Rank through Universal.

Inasmuch as nearly all these photoplays become available in 16 mm for school and college use a year or two after their theatrical runs, they are of special interest to directors of vis-

(*Continued on page 27*)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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"Now What We Need Is Education. . . ."

ONE of the intriguing things about education is that it is so convenient to us as an argument-stopper. It makes little difference what the particular problem may be—bringing America and Russia together, resolving the struggle for Palestine, putting an end to Civil War in China, eliminating juvenile delinquency, reforming alcoholics, curing the opium habit, or simply getting rid of human meanness, hate, and greed—the discussion is certain to reach a point where some one sighs deeply and resolves the debate by saying, "Now what we need is education. . . ."

Yes, what we need is education; but we question whether we mean what we say when we say that only education can promote the understanding among peoples that can break the long habit of war, or make better human beings. We question it because if that was what we wanted, we would have adopted it long ago. We are content instead with a far different type of education. With few exceptions, and taking regional and local variations into account, education in the United States today is neither designed nor equipped to ennoble mankind or do any of the things that we say it ought to do when we get involved in discussions on the ills of the world.

For education today is not addressing itself to those problems. How can it when the big concern of most American communities is how much they can cut and how little they can get by with when school appropriations come up? How can it when the human material asked to teach is accorded little prestige and a salary scale that puts it far down the list of American occupations? How can it when we ruthlessly hunt down and punish principals or teachers or professors who show the slightest deviation from what the community regards as standardized conduct or standardized thinking—in or out of public? In short, how can we expect our schools to provide deep founts of inspiration and wisdom and ennoblement and understanding—just a few of the qualities we might expect in teachers whose job we have defined as nothing less than the salvation of humanity—when we deliberately pursue and cherish mediocrity?

And where is the inspiration or ennoblement in what we permit our schools to teach? We manage to get across some vital information about figures—barely enough to enable the average person, with difficulty, to check his bank statement at the end of the month; we select a few highlights from history—mostly concerning America—precious little of it being the history of the last twenty years, for that would be too controversial; we impart some geographical information, also mostly about America, although in a recent test given to a group of representative college graduates, only a few were able to write down the names of all the forty-eight states; we go through the motions of teaching a reading of the beauties of literature, and succeed in most cases in inoculating the student permanently against any desire to open those books in later life; we profess to teach foreign languages but teach actually a few foreign phrases. And that is about all—whether on the primary, secondary, or college level.

We do superbly, of course, in vocational training. And in many of our sciences and professional schools, we frequently exhibit a high polish. But in general education—in education for individual development, increased awareness, cultural and moral values, citizenship and responsibility, individual and group conscience—in all these respects, we seem curiously indifferent for a people so quick to invoke the sacred name of education as the basic cure for otherwise insoluble problems. Little wonder that a gate slams shut in the minds of so many young people the moment they are handed their diplomas. Everywhere they are hemmed in by stop signs and formal boundaries. At the age of twenty-one, the individual—like a camel whose food is stored up in his hump for the long trip across the desert—is expected to have enough education stored up in his mental hump to carry him all the way through life. Actually, the *real* education just begins at twenty-one, for it is then that the mind should be mature enough to absorb and correlate new facts and ideas, to think creatively, to make necessary personality adjustments.

All these are generalities, glittering or otherwise; but for reinforcing argument and data, we refer the reader to "General Education in a Free Society," a report prepared by Harvard University; to the regular writings in *The New York Times* of Dr. Benjamin Fine, whose new book, "Our Children Are Being Cheated," will be published this fall; and to the day-by-day experience of the average American community.

If we are really serious in assigning education the job of straightening out the world and the individual both, then the first step would seem to be a realization—plus a willingness to act on it—that the place to start is with the teacher. The finest curriculum in the world will be of little help unless we make the teaching profession as important and attractive, in terms of returns and prestige, as that of any other vocation. We may be able to buy vital leadership for $35 a week, but don't count on it.

Fortunately or otherwise, we live at a time when the average individual has to know several times as much in order to keep informed as he did only thirty or forty years ago. Being "educated" today requires not only more than a superficial knowledge of the arts and sciences, but a sense of interrelationship such as is taught at few schools. Finally, being "educated" today, in terms of the larger needs, means preparation for world citizenship; in short, education for survival.

This is a large order, but it is no larger than what we call for when we say, "Now what we need is education. . . ."

N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Turn on the Heat

SIR: I'd like to see more letters on your letters page. More controversy. More authors coming back at reviewers and more reviewers replying to authors. Forget about the letters of praise. Friends of *SRL* take them for granted; the others won't be impressed. How about some nice, juicy controversy?

CLINTON P. STOKES.

San Francisco, Calif.

"Jesuitical Niceties"

SIR: Has anyone made the observation that, although Laura Z. Hobson in her fine novel "Gentleman's Agreement" [*SRL* Mar. 1] makes an impassioned plea against both kinds of anti-Semitism, the unintentional as well as the deliberate, she falls into a similar trap: unintentional Catholic baiting and offense?

"Jew us down" is certainly one of "those nasty propaganda phrases," as Miss Hobson properly calls them, But also is the opprobrious ". . . a jesuitical nicety . . ." on page 150 of "Gentleman's Agreement" such a phrase; one equally offensive to Catholics and calculated to perpetuate the calumny that members of the Society of Jesus use crafty or insidious art—and I refer you to any standard dictionary for this definition of the word (and the use to which Miss Hobson puts it in her novel).

GEORGE H. KENNEDY.

Hollywood, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mrs. Hobson has instructed printers to change the word "jesuitical" to "hair-splitting." This change will appear beginning with the seventh edition. It is also ordered changed in the Dollar Book Club edition as well as British and foreign translations.*

Roebert vs. Fields

SIR: I am forced to regard Arthur C. Fields's recent review of my novel "Seneca, USA" as a gratuitous assault on my personal integrity. And a group of my fellow Guildsmen in the Authors' League, Radio Writers' Guild, and Mystery Writers' League tell me that they regard it as an attack on their fundamental right to free selection of material.

The reviewer seems to hold the view that there is something devious and opportune about a popular writer who employs living materials in his output in the hope of attracting substantial reader interest. How, then, can democratic propaganda, (neutralizing and counteracting anti-democratic propaganda) be made to reach wide masses of readers, if the device of working such material into popular, palatable patterns is forbidden? I earnestly suggest that Mr. Fields read "The Plotters" for the statistical story on the mass of poison propaganda flooding American folkways every minute of every living day.

During the last war, the War Writers' Board mobilized all kinds of American writers—pulp, radio, screen, columnist, elite—and urged that they work the democratic bias, tolerance arguments, anthropological truths, into their stories and columns, as a way of combatting the enemy within and without. The military war is over, but who can say the fight against intolerance is won! What, then, is wrong with writers, all kinds, continuing to do battle with the best tools available? Witness the mass meetings in Darien and Stamford after the publication of Laura Hobson's book. Look at the profitable use voluntary Negro groups are putting "Kingsblood Royal" to, all over America. See the united happiness of movie reviewers over "Crossfire's" actual use of the word "Jew" on the soundtrack. All popular vehicles, with more scheduled to come (we trust), and all meriting Mr. Fields's invective "literary prostitution" equally, since nowhere in his review is there a quarrel with the quality of "Seneca, USA," or the writing per se, but just with the "sure bet" popularization of dramatic social materials. And if these materials are truly a "sure bet," as charged; if it does happen to be a trend insuring the writer quick reward—so what? Writers, like any Joe Citizen, are economic creatures who pay the landlord, the butcher, and the income tax collector. Also, I'd rather see a writer prosper through books that stab the social conscience and alert the man in the street to the dangers of his times, than prosper through the stereotypes of sex, sex-money, sex-crime, or the costume fol-de-rol that make up too much of our living literature today.

For the record, the charge of riding in on a trend is doubly unfair and untrue in my own case. "Seneca, USA" was originally copyrighted in 1942 as "The Appalachian Trail," a play on anti-Semitism that John Gassner, considering it for the Theatre Guild, said was "a thoughtful and provocative play." Ditto Paramount's John Byram. Long before the "trend"—1942.

And further on why the "sure bet" characterization scarcely fits me: Mr. Fields may have noticed that the blurb on the back of "Seneca's" dust-jacket advertised me as a racket writer. He may have noticed, and he may have sneered. Racket articles, too, are a "sure bet" for reader appeal and author revenue, but I have been improvident enough to refuse fee or return the check where the magazine was financially shaky, but worthwhile. I suggest that Mr. Fields check with John Johnson of *Negro Digest*. Then check with Dan Paul, editor of *Frauds*. Then phone me for more names, and finally perhaps ask me "how come?" As I stated once in an *Esquire* profile (Sept. 1945) "I do racket busting as a conscience write-off for radio mayhem." And "Seneca, USA," too, as I've stated many times publicly, is a conscience write-off for my larger dereliction in giving my typewriter and myself to mystery novels and general escapist-entertainment pap, these many years. I said so again on a recent radio broadcast (WHN July 27); a broadcast in which I called for a "literary renaissance," asking writers everywhere, the better ones and the mediocre ones," to forego the lures of fame and money, and start fighting the dark reality of America today . . ." (see *Variety, PM, New York Post,* all July 30). In the latter broadcast I offered to waive royalties, even distribute copies of "Seneca, USA" as a free public serv-

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And on and after Jan. 1, 1657, by order of Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, it is forbidden to enjoy ANYTHING!"

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ice, and at my own expense, to whomsoever. . . . I'd like to show Mr. Fields the letters of response sometime. This "sure bet" approach to a royalty bonanza occurred *before* the August 2 issue of *SRL* appeared!

My motive? To say it simply: Like Norman Cousins, I believe modern man *can* become obsolete, and that we have no social accommodations for mere bystanders in these critical moments. In view of the atom bomb, I've lost sight of my checking balance. And I'd like Mr. Fields, if by now guiltily motivated into doing close research on me, to stop in at the Eastern Sound Studios. There I was "sure bet" minded enough to let a substantial screenplay fee ride speculatively because the producer dared switch from a surefire straight whodunit to a risky intolerance theme exposing the hate rackets. (See *Variety* Feb. 26; headline reading Roeburt's One-Two Hate Punch.)

And for the record on "Seneca, USA": The Jewish Book Guild endorsed it, and the B'nai Brith has been circularizing it as recommended reading to its countrywide Youth Chapters. As organized Jewish groups, they saw it as a "sure bet" in combatting the virus of native fascism, mainly. And the reviews to date, the laudatory and the equivocal, all at least have remarked on the "author's sincerity."

JOHN ROEBURT.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: John Roeburt, author of "Seneca, USA," has every right to resent my review of his book. I do, too. For in the cutting that my review was subjected to—a cutting that space limitations undoubtedly made necessary—my major criticism was eliminated and the resultant conclusion overemphasized. Briefly, I had stated that the book was poorly written and hence a poor vehicle for the discussion of so vital a problem as anti-Semitism. What came out was seemingly an attack on an attack on anti-Semitism. That was not my thesis or attitude.

My primary emphasis—examining the literary merit of "Seneca, USA," and not the social problems involved—was entirely lost in the editing and a skewed picture resulted. I am not among those who believe that any attack on anti-Semitism is a good attack. I submit that to be part of the counterattack, a book must be *effectively* written, so effectively that it will reach into the soul and conscience of the reader. And I do not believe that "Seneca, USA," was so written and I said as much in my (original) review. There was nothing personal in my attack on Mr. Roeburt (I had never heard of him before this) but how can one accept as good writing:

> The alarm clock sounded and soon the hands prodded him roughly, pinching. The sleeping man toiled upward, then sat on the edge of the bed looking dispersed.

Or such descriptions as:

> The eyes were umbilical to his antecedents
>
> or
>
> Slip's hands could press his in an everlasting handshake, leaving stumps at his armpits.

These are just instances. I refer to them here because it was this major factor (style) that made me feel that the book was so poorly written that it did not provide a proper vehicle for so important a problem. John Roeburt could know nothing of these reasons since they were omitted.

I respect Mr. Roeburt's integrity and social-mindedness in deciding not only to write on this topic but also to make his book more widely available at sacrifice to his own needs. We differ only in the value of "Seneca, USA," and I regret that the secondary element in my review—stressing the ineffectiveness of this treatment of anti-Semitism—was emphasized in the edited version of the review.

After all, it is a tree climber's prerogative to crawl out on a limb; but it is with doleful eyes, I assure you, that he regards the saw that has dropped him fifty feet to the ground!

ARTHUR C. FIELDS.

Stamford, Conn.

SIR: In reading Arthur C. Fields's letter of explanation, I was at first touched by the anguished outcries of a critic betrayed by a pair of editorial shears. Then I came to read the original and unexpurgated draft of the review our "misrepresented" critic charges was aborted through maladroit and unenlightened cutting!

But first a reverent nod toward *SRL* for its ethical scrupulousness in affording me a long look at the original and unmutilated whole of Mr. Fields' tirade against "Seneca, USA," and against me.

The missing paragraphs Mr. Fields seeks cover behind contributes nothing to his belated contention, and reveal nothing more than an inhibited essayist hearkening to his own sounds, and enamored of his own style. Witness the missing lead: "Like the patient etherized on the table, anti-Semitism has been lying around where everyone can get a stab at it. In spite of the few operations that have helped, the patient is now suffering from an overabundance of incisions and is losing blood fast. . . ." With this fling of disdain at the ravening pack of bloodlusting literary surgeons, the indignant Fields takes a "stab" at the patient himself for a hundred philosophical (and impertinent) words, in shrill proof that, quote, "No, anti-Semitism isn't funny" (!) This rhetorical excursion away from the sheer job he was hired to do despite his professed concern with necessary *SRL* space limitations, and at the risk of vitiating (and forfeiting) what he now declares to be his primary purpose, *viz.*, the condemnation of the book as a "poor vehicle."

Beyond this egotistic frittering away of space and point in the lead paragraph, the intended (!) primary emphasis is further endangered journalistically in the next synoptical, non-critical, two hundred words that explode into the sudden, astonishing, and unmotivated (by critical argument) conclusion that, a "pinch of social significance is a usurpation of literary license." At this juncture, the excised material Mr. Fields bemoans and bemoans as a casualty of the editor's blue-pencil and nippers, bursts into a passionate purple, quote, "this . . . vile pandering of human suffering for an extra boost on the literary market. . . ." This suspiciously immoral, sick, and obsessed brand of rant and cant regarding a book heralded by organized minority groups as "vital and necessary," purchased as a bonus book by the Jewish Book Guild, acclaimed by Southern newspapers like the *Louisville Courier* as "a masterful job on prejudices."

These, then, the missing paragraphs which if only restored, says Mr. Fields, would restore him as a man of implacable objectivity, an unbiased reviewer of great and unassailable probity. The wonder, Mr. Fields, is not that some of the hysterical gibberish was cut, but that the whole dull, lurid, and incompetent review wasn't tossed out.

The sole demurrer with style of writing, etc., in evidence of the reviewer's dismissal of "Seneca, USA" on its merits, occurs in the tail-end phrase, "there is the unpleasant use of pulp magazine phrases throughout the story," with two sentences triumphantly abstracted in proof. But

"We must look pretty silly without our hats."

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the facts whittle down to: Fields's letter is a blatant and questionably ethical attempt to switch premises belatedly; a slippery piece of afterthought and second-guessing; a late-hour attempt at establishing more substantial critical grounds than the quicksands of his own myopia and shockingly unprofessional distemper. It wasn't the editor's saw that dropped him from his limb fifty feet to the ground. No, nothing as cunningly whimsical as that. It was the reviewer's own weird and warped cerebrations; a plain case of usurpation of critical license, and expressed in a kind of tortured outcry that a quite interested (and growing) crowd of sideline observers believe to be the stuff of psychoanalysis.

JOHN ROEBURT.

New York, N. Y.

"Tilley the Toiler"

SIR: All of us in *The New Yorker's* advertising department enjoyed Russell Maloney's article in your Aug. 30 issue so much that it is too bad to bring in a note of criticism. However, he fell into at least one error which should be corrected. It is, perhaps, natural that having been in the editorial department of *The New Yorker* and in that department for only eleven years Maloney should have been completely ignorant of the circulation and advertising side of the magazine.

I refer to the following sentence: "The circulation is pushing 300,000 and could probably go much higher if it were not for the standard *New Yorker* advertising contract which guarantees the advertiser that half the circulation is within metropolitan New York." No advertiser has ever made any such stipulation nor have we had any such form of contract or guarantee.

In the early days, *The New Yorker's* circulation was confined almost entirely to Metropolitan New York. However, because everything about New York interests a considerable number of people in other parts of the country, the circulation out of New York grew steadily, without any promotion whatsoever. Today, while *The New Yorker's* circulation in Metropolitan New York is bigger than ever (the latest A.B.C. statement shows 97,553) the out-of-town circulation totals 220,569. So, instead of half our circulation being in New York Metropolitan Area, thirty per cent of it is here, and that has been the condition for several years past.

Please be sure that this minor error in fact does not offset our enjoyment of this perceptive and amusing article about our magazine.

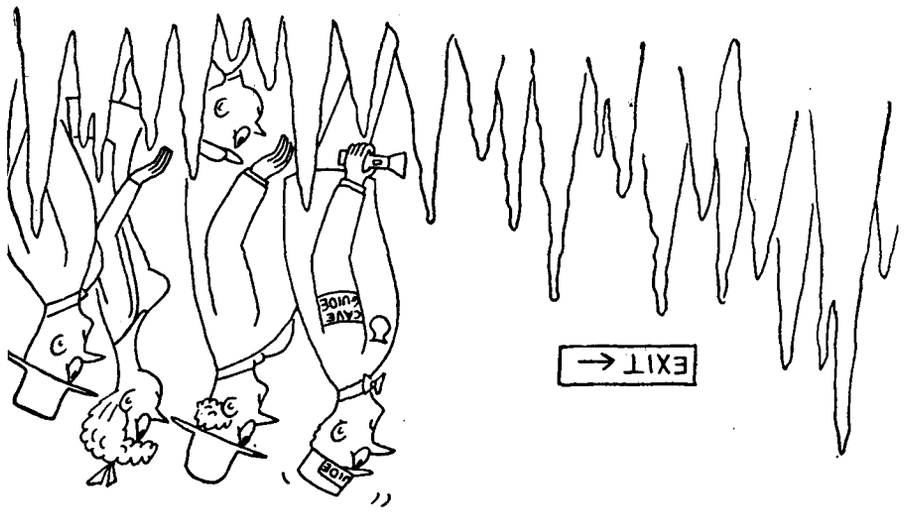
RAYMOND B. BOWEN.

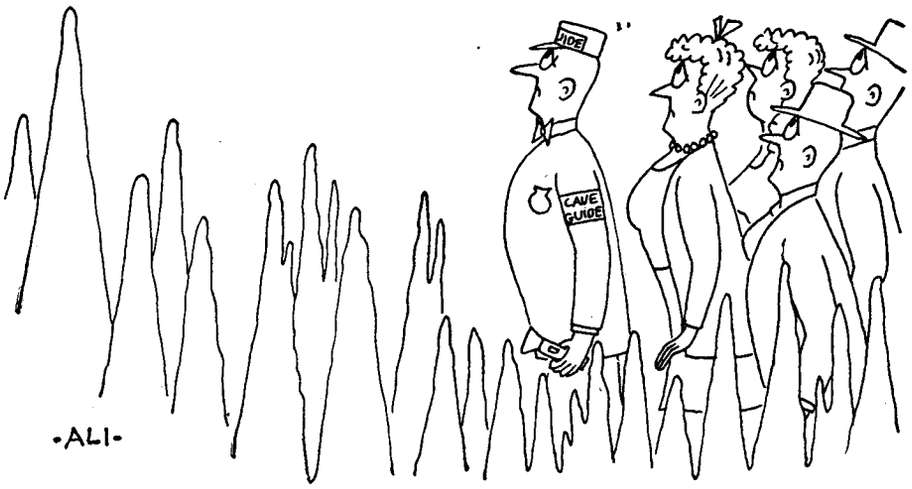
New York, N. Y.

Roosevelt and Thoreau

SIR: I suppose if the average man were asked to state a famous apothegm of Franklin D. Roosevelt, he would call to mind the admonition that we have nothing to fear but fear itself, or he would dwell upon the President's inclusion of freedom from fear among the four freedoms.

As far as I know it has not been pointed out that Roosevelt also had a predecessor for his well-known words, though in all probability he did not know of it. This predecessor





was Thoreau. In his paper "Thoreau" Emerson quoted a passage from the manuscripts of Thoreau which was as follows: "Nothing is so much to be feared as fear." The sentiment was reinforced by Thoreau with the statement that "atheism may comparatively be popular with God himself." The essay was first published in *The Atlantic Monthly* not long after Thoreau's death in the early sixties of the last century, and was included in the volume by Emerson entitled "Lectures and Biographical Sketches" posthumously collected in 1883.

Emerson himself had advanced a similar idea often, but not in these words. As a young man of twenty he had written in his "Journals" a discourse against fear. He said that the artificial order and conversation of society were propped on this "palsied, leprous principle" on "this miserable reed"—fear. In his essay "Character" in the second series of his "Essays," published when he was around forty, he asks what is the gain when man has freed himself from fear of ancient bugaboos and superstitions if he quakes at public opinion, poverty, etc. "If we are capable of fears, we readily find terrors."

Did Roosevelt read Emerson? I do not know but even if he did it does not follow that he took the idea from him. In all probability he did not know of its existence in the works of Emerson. And undoubtedly a similar idea may be found in many writings ancient and modern.

ALBERT MORDELL.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Only Hope for Peace

SIR: Our readers may be interested in the following excerpts from a letter recently received by me from an old friend, a writer of Yugoslavia, who in 1941 was imprisoned by the fascists. He writes from Split (Spalato):

> Today I came on your greetings for Christmas of 1940: "Best wishes to our good friend for as happy a time as is possible in a grim world—" Grim it looked then, but no human mind could imagine how grim it would be in reality during the long war years that followed. But even so the worst of the war is not the war itself . . . while it lasts, but . . . what follows when war is over. Spiritually, consequences are worse than the cause. Everything has changed. Europe is one turmoil. Unrest in all directions. Men have lost their reason: one side accusing the other for the same things it does. Ruin physical and spiritual, hate, . . . deceit, mistrust, have ruled supreme for too long—only decencies of peace and change of heart could bring rebirth and sensible life. There is only one slight hope: that Europe unify on Secretary Marshall's proposals and cooperate with the U. S. on economic reconstruction of the world. Otherwise no power can save the world from splitting into two opposing parts and another war which would seal the fate of mankind.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

New York, N. Y.

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Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FFOLKES
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Sports.

The publishers of Robert Smith's "Baseball" are hitting squarely into one of the biggest bugaboos in publishing; namely, that millions of people will read millions of words about baseball, in newspapers and magazines—but never in books. The general theory seems to be that the average baseball fan, for the price of his subway fare, can find out all he wants to know about current averages and the day-to-day scores and playing dope, without having to spend the price of a box seat for a book. In any event, we're betting on "Baseball" to demolish the myth. . . . In the controversy over the identity of the nation's best sportswriter started by Carl Van Doren in his introduction to John Lardner's new book, reviewed below, we stay at a respectful distance, contenting ourselves with the knowledge that some of the finest newspaper writing today—measured by clarity, color, conciseness—is to be found on the sports page.

Diamond History

BASEBALL. By Robert Smith, New York: Simon & Schuster. 1947. 362 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by NORMAN COUSINS

I DARE anyone to meet me under the grandstand who says that this isn't the best book on baseball ever published. To be sure, some wiseacres will try to spike this praise by saying that so few serious books on baseball have been written that any new book doesn't have to be particularly good to win top billing. But even admitting that insufficient competition makes comparatives difficult, there is no need to hold back on the superlatives. Robert Smith has put together a beautiful little bundle of Americana—highly varied but neatly sewn—containing all or most of the key episodes in baseball history, together with vivid pictures of the men who made themselves and the game famous, all of it set against the background of such gorgeous and soul-satisfying nostalgia as is obtainable only in opening an old sports trunk filled with discarded gloves, faded box-scores, and shoelace-knotted spiked shoes.

There are three groups of people—and only three—who ought to read this book. The first consists of those who pride themselves on knowing everything there is to know about the game; the second, those who pride themselves on knowing nothing about the game; the third, all those in-between.

Those who know everything will discover that Smith has turned up more fact and legend than they ever dreamt existed. They will learn, for example, that Abner Doubleday, popular opinion to the contrary, is not the father of baseball, for the rules of the game that Doubleday established are little closer to the game as it is played today than the crude baseball that Doubleday's father played as a boy. Baseball, like many other sports (with the conspicuous exception of basketball), was not the result of any single invention of inspiration, but of a slow accumulation based on practical necessity and increased excitement. But if there is any single step in the development of the game more important than the rest, Mr. Smith indicates, it may be credited to Alex Cartwright, of New York, who 102 years ago made "rounders" or "one-a-cat" less anarchic as a sport by setting up regular boundary lines in the form of a diamond and limiting the number of players to nine on each side—instead of having each man bat for himself. Thus began the "Knickerbocker" rules of baseball. Other things the expert may welcome include the fullest and best-integrated story of the famous Chicago White Sox World Series scandal of 1919 to have appeared anywhere—at least to the memory of this reviewer; a general survey of other gambling and fixing incidents involving some eminent and still highly respected baseball greats; a frank discussion of Kenesaw Mountain Landis and his early troubles; an account of how sliding began and how the problem of fouls and strikes was worked out; and a big batbag full of interesting trivia and tanti.

Those who pride themselves on knowing nothing about the game may find out for the first time just what they've been missing. They will have an exclusive view, for uninitiates, into the mystifying and sometimes terrifying behavior of a baseball fan before, during, and after a game; they will comprehend, even if they do not subscribe to, such passion and concern as are otherwise known only in matters involving the ultimate fate of individuals and nations. They will understand what Mr. Smith means when he says that baseball "is a game full of various small crises, of almost somnolent watching, of intense alertness, of craft, deception, speed, strength, practised skill, and swift cooperation. It is both a team and an individual performance. It includes

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running, batting, catching, fast thinking, and real physical danger."

As for the third group, those who can take their baseball or leave it alone, they will find their neutrality tougher to maintain than a one-run lead with Mize, Marshall, and Cooper coming up to bat. They will find their defenses opened up by Mr. Smith's chapter on his boyhood recollections of the game, and completely shattered by the time he gets around to discussing some of the classical figures—Christy Mathewson, John McGraw, Mike Kelley, Cap Anson, Ed Delehanty, Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Pepper Martin, Ted Williams, and others.

And all three groups will be impressed with Mr. Smith's approach to baseball. He is reverent—but only so far as the game itself as an institution is concerned. As for baseball as a business, Mr. Smith has some ideas of where the game may be going out of bounds—with particular reference to short-sighted and avaricious club owners who, says Mr. Smith, have been largely responsible for destroying sand-lot baseball through the spread of "chain-store" systems.

No book on baseball could be a success, of course, if it didn't give the carper a chance to flex his glottis. This reviewer was puzzled at the virtual exclusion of Walter Johnson, the speed king, in the section of baseball greats, and at the inadequate references to Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker, and Frank Frisch. And anyone who wanted to pick lint could point out that Dazzy Vance spent eleven years with Brooklyn, not ten; that the Brooklyn team was nicknamed "Bums," not by the fans because they were made up of "castoffs, leftovers, and rejects," but by Mullin, the sparkling sports cartoonist of the *New York World Telegram;* that Pepper Martin hit that famous 1931 World Series home run in the sixth inning in the fifth game against the Philadelphia Athletics, not the fourth inning (as though that makes any difference, but it's fun to fuss!); and at the fact that Mr. Smith glossed over Babe Ruth's four brilliant years as a pitcher.

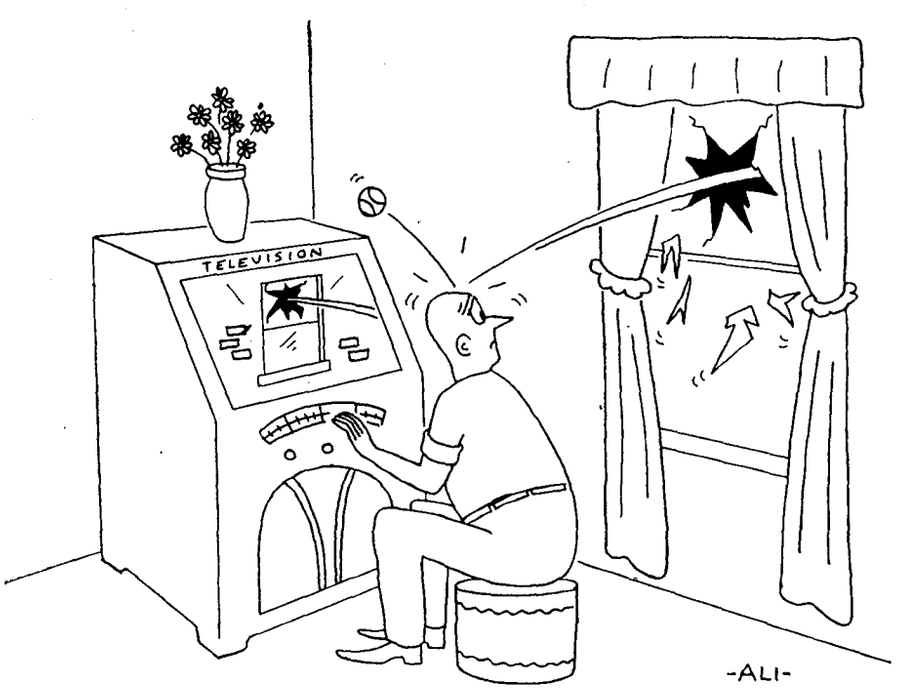
I suspect that Mr. Smith threw these and other omissions and errors in deliberately; for no one can be as close to baseball as he is without knowing how deep and sweet is the pleasure of error-hunting among the averages, box scores, or accounts of baseball history. All that needs to be said is that though he may have loaded the bases in one or two innings because of walks and errors, he struck out the side, and then proceeded to win the game himself by hitting the ball over the fence with the bases loaded. All baseball is in his debt for a book that waited too many years to be written.

Lardner, Columnist

IT BEATS WORKING. By John Lardner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1947. 253 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JACK IAMS

CARL VAN DOREN, who turns up rather surprisingly in this light-hearted survey of the sporting world, or fraternity, writes in his foreword that John Lardner is "the best sports writer now alive." I am nervously willing to string along with Mr. Van Doren, although I have



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CHARLES MORGAN

Reviews

BOCCACCIO

by FRANCIS MacMANUS

$3.50

"Mr. MacManus's book has the virtue of leaving behind it in the reader a sense of having proceeded beyond explanation at least a step or two into the intimacy of knowledge. The author's task was uncommonly hard for two principal reasons: that few periods are today as baffling as that in which mediaevalism was flowing out across the Black Death, towards the High Renaissance; and, secondly, that Boccaccio, as author of the Decameron, is subject to uninstructed prejudice . . . Whatever his behavior may have been, he was held fast in the religious intuitions of the Middle Ages. There was a conflict within him, and Mr. MacManus is wise enough and can write well enough, to make that conflict felt in the early years and to enable the reader's understanding to develop with it . . . Craftsman though he was, he had not Petrarch's craftsmanship: artist though he was he had not Dante's quality of transcendence. Mr. MacManus is altogether right in seeing him always as a man entitled to be regarded in the perspective created by those great figures, for it is only by regarding him in this way that we can get the feel of him, and see him, perhaps, even across six centuries, a little as he saw himself. There is good reason to be grateful for a biography that makes this possible."—from a review in the London *Times Literary Supplement.*

BOCCACCIO is the second volume in the series *Great Writers of the World* of which HORACE ($3.50) by Alfred Noyes, was the first.

SHEED & WARD

63 Fifth Avenue New York 3

a notion that aficionados of the *Herald Tribune's* Red Smith or the *Mirror's* Dan Parker would take issue. The *Mirror* readers would probably ask who this guy Van Doren was, anyhow.

In any case, very few people, of whatever following, would deny that

this collection of Mr. Lardner's shrewd and merry pieces represents humorous sports writing at the top of its form.

It should be quickly explained, as the author does in his opening chapter, that this book has nothing to do with the technical aspects of sport. "Comb it as I will," writes Mr. Lardner, "I cannot find anything in it that will help you tell one end of a tennis racket from the other." It deals, instead, with rambunctious prize fighters and their managers, ball clubs and their membership, past and present, and horse players. You will be left with no illusions about this cast of characters, but you'll still have a sneaking fondness for them, even for Leo Durocher, who comes closer than any of the others to upsetting Mr. Lardner's genial tolerance. There are heroes here, as well, notably Joe Louis among the living and Little Bill Johnston and Jack Johnson among the departed.

"It Beats Working" is almost entirely composed of the columns which Mr. Lardner has been contributing to *Newsweek* since 1939 (with time out for four years of war correspondence) and therein lies its weakness. These pieces were designed to be read a week apart, and, though edited and revised for book form, they tend to grow soggy in the lump. The author beats the reviewer to the draw by recognizing this fault in his opening chapter, which struck me as the best in the book. It is by no means an apology but it approaches the whole subject of sports writing with a sort of disarming sheepishness. It sounds more like Lardner the thoughtful critic than Lardner the hard-boiled columnist.

The rest of the book is written in a style which can be very entertaining in small doses but gets monotonous in large ones. Furthermore, it is a style which has grown fairly commonplace on the sports pages, a deliberately stilted colloquiality typified by putting "Mister" in front of all names and calling Joe Louis "Joseph" and Billy Conn "William." True, Mr. Lardner has a better right than most to this medium, since it stems to a considerable degree from his great father, and he handles it with finesse. But Westbrook Pegler in his halcyon days did much the same sort of thing, as do Dan Parker and PM's John McNulty today, among others. It's effective, mind you, and highly appropriate to the material, but it lacks real individuality and, in time, it palls.

However, the foregoing complaint is not likely to bother the reader who treats this book as it should be treated, *i.e.*, dipped into at decent intervals. The judicious dipper will find himself with a good many happy half-hours on his hands.

Jack Iams, free-lance novelist, is the author of "Profit by Experience," a satire on Time *magazine.*

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Past Imperfect," by Ilka Chase. 2. "The Education of Henry Adams," by Henry Adams. 3. "Pedlar's Progress," by Odell Shephard. 4. "Marie Antoinette," by Stefan Zweig. 5. "Personal History," by Vincent Sheean. 6. "My Life," by Havelock Ellis. 7. "As I Remember Him," by Hans Zinsser. 8. "Imperial Hearts," by Ferdinand Lundberg. 9. "Andrew Jackson," by Marquis James. 10. "Napoleon," by Emil Ludwig. 11. "Queen Victoria," by Lytton Strachey. 12. "Life of Samuel Johnson," by James Boswell. 13. "R. E. Lee," by Douglas Southall Freeman. 14. "Heathen Days," by H. L. Mencken. 15. "Admiral of the Ocean Sea," by Samuel Eliot Morison. 16. "Abraham Lincoln," by Carl Sandburg. 17. "My Apprenticeship," by Beatrice Webb. 18. "Good Night, Sweet Prince," by Gene Fowler. 19. "A Puritan in Babylon," by William Allen White. 20. "Benjamin Franklin," by Carl Van Doren. 21. "Present Indicative," by Noel Coward. 22. "The Summing Up," by Somerset Maugham. 23. "Theodore Roosevelt," by Henry F. Pringle. 24. "Up from Slavery," by Booker T. Washington. 25. "Woodrow Wilson," by Ray Stannard Baker.

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SCREEN AS TEACHER

(*Continued from page 19*)

ual education. Educational & Recreational Guides, Inc., has sold more than 5,000,000 photoplay guides for use by teachers and students. The best educational films thus far have been by-products of theatrical production. Teachers of English in 11,000 schools are utilizing the stimulating influence of photoplays on reading. Literary sources of current and forthcoming films are in constand demand.

Before the war the Chicago Board of Education had very few sound projectors (only sixteen in 1937). Now it has over 600 such machines, a thirty-seven-fold increase in ten years. The University of Chicago, with only a minor interest in visual education before the war, has become a world center for the development of classroom films and techniques for their utilization. The university acquired Encyclopaedia Britannica, by transfer from Sears Roebuck; Eppi Classroom Films, by transfer from Western Electric; and Eastman Teaching Films, by transfer from Eastman Kodak. Thus the university controls the leading producing organization in the educational field, numbering forty technical and creative workers, together with the distribution rights to some 200 sound films and 250 silent films. More than a hundred of the Britannica films have been dubbed in foreign languages, including Arabic.

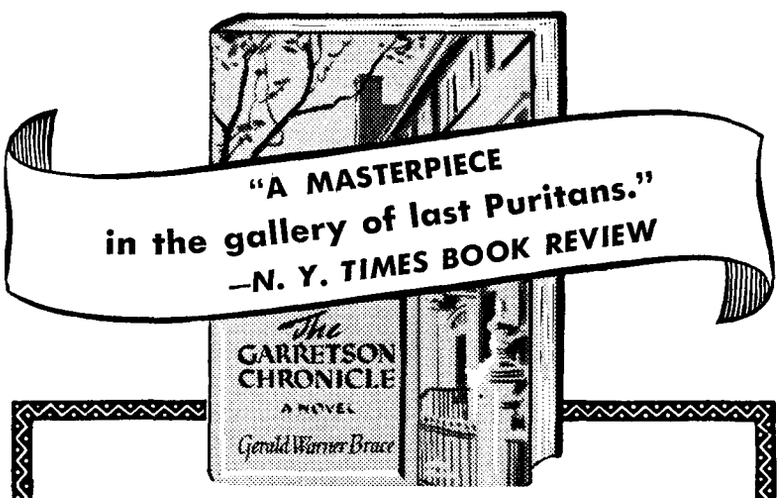
Perhaps the most difficult problems in educational film production are those in the field of religious education. A forthcoming article by Rev. James K. Friedrich, president of Cathedral Films, Inc., (in the October *Audio-Visual Guide*) reveals the financial, creative, technical, and distributive problems of religious film producers.

Church films are, however, coming to the fore. The Protestant Film Commission, under the direction of Paul Heard, has launched a production program in Hollywood, using the first instalment of a million-dollar budget.

Audio-visual education is by no means synonymous with motion pictures. Slides, opaque pictures, recordings, and transcriptions are all of great value in the classroom. A combination of a recording with a slidefilm or filmstrip, to make a sound slidefilm, is a convenient, economical, and effective device. Decca, following the success of the Jam Handy Organization and of Dartnell (Chicago publisher), is reported surveying the educational sound-slide field. Inevitably other companies, including RCA Victor and Columbia Recording, will offer their libraries of records in combination with filmstrips.

All these powerful new means of communication can, like books, newspapers, and magazines, do as much harm as good. Thus far, audio-visual "aids" to instruction have been designed mainly to impart information —facts of science, industry, language, history. Their appeal is to the mind. What remains is to appeal to the hearts of people. In building attitudes, the film can be a helpful giant of education. Intelligent people have a right to expect our schools to recognize that we live in a feeling, not a thinking, world. Until now education has been steeped in verbalism. The armed forces have shown us that millions of men may be conditioned for battle with the aid of films. Can men be conditioned for peace by the same means? Can audio-visual methods teach mankind to behave? Must not the test of our success in using films, radio, and recordings in education be increasingly a measure of our ability to prepare people to live in a predatory and half-educated world?

Theoretically, in a democracy, all students are entitled to equally good teachers. But in a land of 30,000,000 students, it is impossible to provide 900,000 equally good teachers. Audio-visual educators have a point of view about that. They ask, why not make poor teachers better ones by giving all teachers equally good tools?



"So good that it deserves to make its author famous, and I think it will . . . THE GARRETSON CHRONICLE is filled with expert characterizations of many interesting persons. It moves along briskly as good narration should. Its love story is charming and touching. It is beautifully written. It is enchanting reading. It provokes thought, in addition to providing pleasure. What more could an enthusiastic reader say of it? How many other novels offer half so much?"

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 11)

by verbal pyrotechny. After reasonable consideration, I have decided that our author confuses circumlocution with subtlety, and that, after all, the occasional bright figures and sharp penetrations which spot his rather spotty book, may be accounted for by saying that if you stab often enough and hard enough, in the course of five-hundred and twenty-two pages, you are bound to hit something.

What we have here is the story of a post-Civil War Philadelphian, Timothy Rood, and the disillusionments which mark his path to maturity. Timothy, an idealistic, introspective young chap, who lives only briefly in a best-of-all-possible-worlds, is systematically stripped of illusion about his mother (that deceiving, beautiful gadabout!), his maternal grandfather (blustering, dishonest, family-spoiling capitalist, whose spirit is unbroken by bankruptcy), Miss Dorothy Lightbourne (angel of his childhood, adrenaline of his adolescence, herald of his awakening)—the last being a character with whose name I could never seriously cope, and with whose personality her creator could apparently never convincingly deal. Among the few childhood gods who hold up pretty well are Jane Melvin, who develops from "the least repulsive girl in dancing school," (if the author had used that phrase just once more, in reflecting, I might have done something desperate), into Timothy's own true love, (and she is one of the most interesting characters); her lawyer-father, Zach Melvin, a stimulating individual in whose presence the dialogue sometimes takes a rather wordy, legalistic turn; and, most important of all, Timothy's Quaker Grandfather Rood, a minor Emerson, under whose genuine guidance our hero works out his conflicts (most notably the unhappy, critical affair with his best friend's sister), and plots his destiny—an endearing old fellow for whose happy wisdom and unconventionality we are grateful, in the midst of so much psychological turmoil, but who has a tendency, in conversation, to favor his grandson with spiels which, while creditable in the essays of an Emerson, scarcely do much for the credibility of the whole thing. Probably Mr. Gilkyson's best scene is one of his simplest, least florid ones, in which Timothy, back from extended travels, distributes gifts to the office staff—a sensitive, moving sequence which is rare. I am thinking particularly of Mr. Sheetz who, imagining it presumptuous to assume that, since he is the only one left, the remaining presents are his, has to admit, when cruelly asked whether he does not like them, "I had to be sure . . . that you meant them for me."

While Mr. Gilkyson's novel is not essentially dull, there are certainly moments at which his straining prose and philosophic turns become rather tedious—when we get the feeling, be-

cause of his peculiar eager detail, of being helped to an overlarge dose of non-sequitur—an effect which is mildly suffocating. I cannot help remembering the axioms of professors who noted, repeatedly, the tight relevancy of detail in fine writing. Mr. Gilkyson's method, alas, makes even his *relevancies* seem irrelevant. Since the moral and psychological development of Timothy is not a new story, we may demand from the author not alone new insight, but also the sharp, selective treatment of which it is still worthy.

A Modern Helen

HOUR OF NIGHTFALL. By Myron Brinig. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1947. 274 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

WHEN Myron Brinig wrote "Singermann" more than a decade ago, there was every indication that an exciting new talent had blown in from the Northwest. A successful writing career was glowingly predicated for him by the critics. Now with his tenth novel, Mr. Brinig reveals too clearly the paradoxical nature of his success, and how far he has strayed from those early days of literary promise. We should have to seek far afield to find a more glaring example of a prefabricated tale than this bitter-sweet opus about a beautiful woman and the unfortunate worshippers at her shrine.

Brinig manages to turn out a few well-chosen words and graceful phrases even in this latest concoction. Occasionally he breaks through the glossy surface of his nostalgic romance long enough to disclose to us how he feels about the general unrest of our times, even dwelling on the confused state of mind of the returned soldier. On the whole, however, he has produced an extremely lightweight novel. Besides, Bette Davis about reached the limits, in her role as Mrs. Skeffington on the screen, in displaying how tragi-comic, even grotesque, the agonized posturings of a beautiful woman can be. Unless Mr. Brinig could add something to these feverish goings-on he should not have bothered.

Granted that writers have been recording the downfall of men lured by beautiful women since Circe first cast her spell of enchantment; all the more reason that Brinig should have chosen a more believable Circe to bewitch us. For Helen Albertson née Hemple, is neither exotic nor diabolical, but a commonplace, not very intelligent woman who might be living today in any small Midwestern town. At least that is what Myron Brinig would like us to believe. Yet when he describes the world in which Helen moves, from the Twenties up through the years of the war, as comfortably middle-class, we confess bewilderment. Somewhere in the Thirties Helen and her friends must have heard of the depression, for it did affect the vast American middle-class if we remember correctly. But not Helen, or for that matter any of the characters in the novel; they are miraculously spared the knowledge of hard times by sound investments, gilt-edged securities, and what looks like deliberate lapses of memory by the narrator. Come foul or fair weather, Helen never loses her big rambling house, her swimming pool, her station wagon, and the adulation of all who gaze on her wholesome beauty.

We follow Helen's case history through the eyes of a most faithful worshipper, which may account for so many gaps in the story. Dane Lowrey, the "I" in the book, has an incredible memory for trivial details. But he is a self-confessed "middle-class snob"; he only recalls what he chooses to. When it comes to Helen, his adoration for her—which dates back to when he was five years old—clouds his vision. He watches Helen become a wife and mother. Later he becomes the confidant of her precocious daughter and ailing son. Through adoring eyes he sees how Helen's beauty eventually alienates her from her husband and daughter. Only to Dane does it come as a shock when Helen confesses she has been a "mirror lover" all her life. To the rest of us such news will hardly be a revelation. From the start we suspect Helen of being a not very bright, vain creature about whom only char-

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acters in a novel of such obvious invention could be expected to make any fuss. As for Dane Lowrey, his type is slightly more real. Incorrigible romantics like him never quite grow up emotionally, particularly with a goddess on their hands.

Although Helen comes perilously close to toppling off her pedestal when she tries to match wits with her own spirited daughter, over Dane, we almost know beforehand she never will, not as long as a dreamer and escapist like Dane is around. Here, too, Mr. Brinig has saved Hollywood a pack of trouble by smoothing out the wrinkles in his domestic drama without employing violence or introducing incest as in Cain's "Mildred Pierce." Those cutting-room shears need do a minimum of snipping before this material will be ready for some goddess of celluloid.

Rubens the Robust

THE HORN AND THE ROSES. By Ira Wallach. New York: Boni and Gaer. 1947. 347 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

ACROSS seventeenth-century Europe the kings and archdukes, the cardinals and ambassadors wove their web of intrigue. It was a time of change and unrest, of dying empires and the surmise of new ideas which were to revolutionize the world. One of the important players on this crowded stage was Peter Paul Rubens. A scholar in command of many tongues, handsome, ambitious, virile, an astute business man, and one of the foremost art collectors of his day, Rubens was first and last a painter. As a cloak for the many missions with which he was entrusted, this profession of his was ideal—an excuse for protracted stays in the key cities of Europe, with easy access to influential personages a foregone conclusion for such an accomplished portraitist.

In embarking upon a novel based on Rubens's life Ira Wallach has chosen an exceedingly ambitious project. He has added to the usual problems of the historical novelist — erudition without mustiness, local color without quaintness—the difficulties of creating some dramatic unity from the complex political background which was so important a part of the fabric of Rubens's life. For Rubens was no ivory tower artist. To an extraordinary degree he was a man of his time; a practising Catholic, a loyal servant of his sovereign, alive alike to the joys of creation and procreation as his canvases show. Rubens lived in the full sun of life.

As his point of departure, however, Mr. Wallach has taken a question raised by recently published research; how many of the canvases purporting to have been the work of Rubens were actually by the hand of Frans Snyders, Principal Painter to the Flemish Court and well known to have been employed in the great Rubens studio which turned out such astonishing yardage of grandiose compositions? It is the relationship of the two men which he has made the dramatic structure of his novel; Rubens, scheming and ambitious, Snyders absorbed in his painting, slow to assert himself, yet winning perhaps the final victory.

This question of the attribution of the various canvases seems, however, rather more a *bonne bouche* for the art historians than a revaluation of the essential man whom Mr. Wallach desires to present in his novel. Nor does his interpretation of Rubens appear entirely accurate in the light of the really large body of source material (including Rubens's correspondence) which exists.

These are, however, matters of opinion, and perhaps secondary at that. The greatest failure of the book is hardly a surprising one, for its achievement is one of the most difficult creative hazards in fiction, and that is the evocation of man as painter. Of living novelists Max White in "Tiger, Tiger" has come nearer to it than any other. The sentient, emotional intensity of the painter, the constant awareness of color and form, the influence upon him of the light and atmosphere and physical types of his own country, these and all the other intricacies of the creative genius must be realized for the reader. That in choosing his subject he has committed himself to this realization Mr. Wallach seems hardly aware. And that, above all else, Rubens was a great painter no one who has seen the magnificent "Elevation of the Cross" and "Descent from the Cross" in Antwerp Cathedral can doubt.

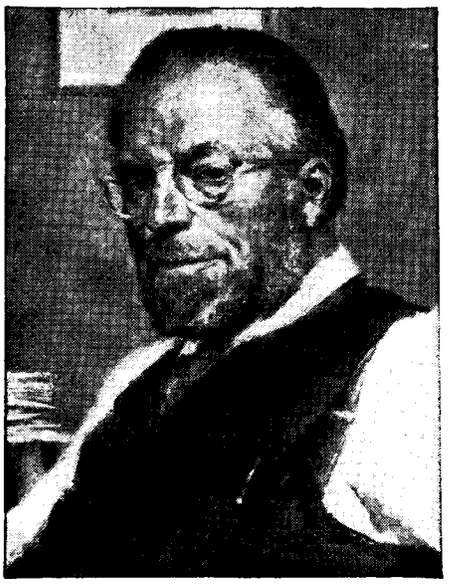

Photo by Colten of a painting by Joseph Hirsch

BACK in 1917 when we were very young, including Chris Morley, this inimitable writer dreamed an idyl on paper and entitled it *PARNASSUS ON WHEELS*. A delightful, gentle story it proved to be, a first book so touching that it won its way to instant success and imbedded its author forever in our hearts.

And now after thirty years and the passing of two wars, we read it again and enjoy it even more, finding in the love story of Helen McGill all the gay hopefulness and effervescence of our youth. Adventure may still be encountered on the highroad, and there is no good reason why the beloved bookshop on wheels, with Helen and the little Professor on the driving seat behind the old white horse, should not come jogging past our modern door, the irate Sage of Redfield following hard on its heels.

PARNASSUS ON WHEELS has raised the dust from many clouded brows as well as many country lanes. It continues to roll merrily through one edition after another always on the road to greater things, a marvel to the oversophisticated mortal of today and to even its humble Publisher. $2.00

J. W. Lippincott

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PUTNAM'S

A CASE OF LITERARY SICKNESS

(*Continued from page 8*)

he should have gained in richness and texture.

Among a good many frustrated reviewers there exists a peculiar form of snobbery based upon the assumption that every writer who is a popular writer must be a bad writer and that no really good writer achieves recognition in his own time. As a corollary the same snobs assume that serialization in any magazine but those with a circulation of under five thousand is a sign of mediocrity and that the writer creates in conformity with the ideas of this or that "slick paper" editor.

The record confutes them overwhelmingly. For every Poe or Melville there are scores of Tolstoys and Balzacs and Dickens and Trollopes and Goethes and Schillers who achieved immense fame and popularity and incomes in their days. Balzac was the first prolific writer of the *feuilleton,* the French newspaper serial, and came in from nightclubs to work until daylight in order to keep up his contributory obligations. We have the word of both Dickens and Trollope that they were consistently pressed for the next instalment and frequently enough did not know what it was to be until they sat down to write. As a matter of fact, few established writers consult a "slick paper" editor concerning their work and simply lay it on his desk when it is finished on a "take it or leave it" basis. If fictional literary standards and production today are bad, the fault does not lie with the editor. It lies as it always must with the writer himself. The editor may reject some excellent work now and then but he does not influence much the quality of many books destined for serialization.

THE BOOK Clubs cannot escape blame for a great part of the recognition and exploitation of mediocre or sensational or journalistic books or pamphlets passing as novels. Essentially parasitic organizations feeding alike on both publisher and author, the Book Clubs have attained memberships staggering in size with a great influence through advertising and bally-hoo upon what the public reads and upon what their own subscribers *must* read. As the clubs grow more and more gigantic they approach the same limitation which is the greatest one confronting Hollywood and which limits eternally the production of consistently good pictures. The larger the audience the more commonplace must become the taste and standards. The picture industry does not like and cannot afford empty seats so it makes, as a rule, simple, formula, sensational pictures which a public, largely without education and often enough devoid of taste or critical standards, can enjoy and understand. The Book Clubs do not like books of their choice to be returned in exchange for something more exciting, more melodramatic, more mediocre. Both are faced, the Book Clubs increasingly so, by the problem and standards of the least common denominator. A list of books offered by the gigantic book clubs in the late Twenties or early Thirties as compared to a similar list today will demonstrate quickly and clearly the decline in quality. In many senses the Book Clubs exert a far more potent pressure toward mediocrity than the editors of the "slick paper" magazines. What beginning author does not dream of having his fame and fortune made both in publishing and Hollywood worlds by becoming a "book club choice"?

No, most of the answers given to queries on the low or mediocre quality of novels at the moment seem to be excuses rather than reasons, excuses both from writers and from reviewers. The hapless reader is in the middle. But the question is more serious than that. The death of good literature shows both a weakness in a nation and a lack of that function which great writers have always exerted—a sense of criticism and of valuation. Shrieking propagandist, pamphleteering novels do not constitute great literature nor do, as a rule, novels which provide escape both for writer and reader from the grim realities of the times in which they live. Nor do books which rely for their appeal upon sensation and four-letter words.

And of course it may be that in times like these when on occasion physical or at least concrete action in which results are tangible seem the only adequate means of coping with the world about us, the professional writer may suffer from feelings of frustration, futility, and despair. Such things do not make for good novels. It is significant that in Europe the only important literary and philosophic movement has been "existentialism," a doctrine of nihilism, fatalism, and despair. We are not that badly off but our literary production, most of all in fiction, seems to be on the downgrade.

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Music.

"People compose for many reasons; to become immortal; because the pianoforte happens to be open; to become a millionaire; because of the praise of friends; because they have looked into a pair of beautiful eyes; or for no reason at all." This is no current-day skeptic speaking, but one of the chief actors on the crowded stage of Alfred Einstein's "Music in the Romantic Era," Robert Schumann. There is even greater meaning in what Schumann did not *say; for in making no mention of persons who composed according to a patron's wishes, he makes clear that it was the throwing off of such shackles that made the romantic era the supreme period of self-expression in music. Here is a view of it which gives it, in a word made famous by another Einstein, relativity to ourselves as well as relationship to the ergs it preceded and followed.*

Rich Half-Century

MUSIC IN THE ROMANTIC ERA. By Alfred Einstein. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1947. 371 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN

THIS book, which belongs to the series known as the Norton History of Music, is conceivably the most searching, compact, and beautifully written study of its particular period which has so far appeared in the English language. That statement falls into the category of enthusiastic superlatives, but it is not hastily made. And the stature of Professor Einstein's achievements comes all the clearer when one reflects on the endless spate of books dealing with the music of the nineteenth century which has been published in recent years.

This is the period which is most familiar to the general public, the period most commonly represented on concert programs, on records and radio and in the opera house, and consequently it is the era most commonly studied by the popularizers. But Einstein, thanks to his profound knowledge, his preeminent common sense, his balance, wisdom, and warmth, tops everything of the kind in print.

Einstein needs no introduction to the musicologists, who read whatever he writes as a matter of course, but the general public will want this book, too. It should be stated at once, however, that it is not an appreciation book. It contains no diagrams to explain the sonata form, has no glossary to define such abstruse technical terms as *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, and sketches no biographies of composers. On the other hand it does not fall into the common musicological booby-trap of trying to account for the history of music on the basis of an expanding harmonic vocabulary; and the clamor of pugnacious footnotes is altogether absent from its pages.

Einstein has written a history of music, as a phenomenon of the human mind and spirit, in the period which falls between the death of Schubert and the death of Wagner—in round terms, from 1830 to 1880. A rich half-century, and a very complex and contradictory one as well. It is full of antitheses and "polarities," to use one of Dr. Einstein's favorite words. It was a revolutionary time, but it was the first to make a self-conscious, large-scale effort to bring back the known music of the past. Theatricality versus intimacy, subjectivity versus objectivity, clarity versus mysticism, universality versus nationalism, "absolute" music versus descriptive music—such are some of the contradictions which Einstein defines, explores, and attempts to synthesize.

He places the romantic composer against his social background, makes clear his relative isolation as compared with his eighteenth-century predecessor, and also his versatility, his literary awareness, and his attempts at fusion of the arts.

The book is divided into three general parts. The first deals with the over-all picture, the problems and "polarities" suggested above. The second deals in detail with the history of various forms and media within the period—opera, symphonic and chamber music, church music, oratorio, song, and piano music, and there are subdivisions discussing the contributions of individuals to these various literatures. The third and final section is concerned with esthetics, the rise of musicology, and other matters relating to the philosophy of music in the romantic era.

It is, perhaps, significant that there is only one composer to whom Einstein devotes a chapter by himself. That is Schubert. Thirty years ago Wagner would have dominated the picture; today the perspective is altogether different, and while the phrase

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"today we know better" is one of the smuggest to which man, in his deathless conceit, is given, one trusts that the perspective of our own time begins to do justice to a century which is, after all, still very close to us.

One can think of nothing of importance which Einstein has omitted, and very little of what he includes could be dispensed with. It is the kind of book which, on page after page, carries to conclusions one's own half-thoughts, clarifies one's confusions, underlines and supports one's own speculations. Consequently it is only with the greatest diffidence that I take issue with two points.

The statement that Stephen Foster's "tunes have been accepted by the Negroes as an expression of their inmost feelings" is not only factually untrue but reveals a mistaken conception of Foster's work. The American popular song of Foster's time is simply a local variant of European concert song, and I have often thought that a new understanding of it would arise if it were sung in foreign languages. Translate Foster into German, sing "Ah, May the Red Rose Bloom Alway" as "Könnte die Rose Ewig Blüh'n," and this composer's affinities with Schubert come clear.

A much more important exception is to be registered in connection with the following lines of Dr. Einstein:

> Berlioz might serve as an example of the way Italian developed from a universal language to a national one—even, it might be said, to one peculiar to a region. The first movement of his "Harold en Italie" (1834) presents Byron's romantic hero in "scenes of melancholy, of happiness, and of joy." But the second and third, the "March of the Pilgrims Chanting Their Evening Prayer" and the "Serenade of a Mountaineer of Abruzzi to his Mistress" are ethnographic studies of a tourist—of a tourist who, like Berlioz, has known Italy and the clear sky, the heroic contour of the mountains, and has deeply loved the simple Roman people.

Now, quite apart from the fact that Berlioz quite specifically states that his Harold is not to be identified with Byron's, but is simply a solitary dreamer roughly like the protagonist of the English poem, Dr. Einstein would seem to have let Berlioz's titles lead him along a romantic road which diverges from that of his customary examination of facts.

Years ago Ernest Newman published evidence that the work which eventually became "Harold in Italy" was originally written under the title "Mary Stuart's Last Moments," and there is not a single thing in "Harold" as we have it today that does not fit the "Mary Stuart" program with equal ease. The "ethnographic" touches are particularly translatable; they play the bagpipe in Scotland quite as much as in Italy, if not more, and the "Serenade of a Mountaineer of Abruzzi to his Mistress" might very convincingly be called "Serenade of a Highlander of Aberdeenshire to his Betrothed." (No Highlander, of course, would have a mistress.)

This is a very important point, and one quite essential to the understanding both of Berlioz and of descriptive and national music in general. First of all, so far as Berlioz is concerned, one must bear in mind that his "programs" were generally afterthoughts added by way of increasing the interest of a naive, sensation-loving public; he knew, better than anyone who has ever lived, that the descriptive power of music is vague, and that music therefore accommodates itself with astonishing complacency to practically any "program" you wish to impose upon it. He came, by the way, from a background wherein this very matter was hotly and perennially debated; at least half of the output of the quarreling musical philosophers of France in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries revolved about "the imitation of nature"—what it was, how it could be achieved, what its limitations were.

Schumann once heard Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony under the delusion that it was his "Italian," and wrote of the beautiful Italian landscapes the music had evoked in his mind. Cecil Gray was astonished to find suggestions of Spanish music in the symphonies of Sibelius, and Nicolas Slonimsky was amazed to hear Brazilian songs that reminded him of his native Russia. All of which suggests that there are quite as many universals in folk song as there are particulars, that the use of folk-like idioms in the larger forms is quite as much a means for achieving universality of expression and appeal as the use of any so-called "universal" idiom. Folk idioms are, of course, attended by a special danger. A beautiful melody may not be a workable theme. Its tuneful appeal may, in fact, be the very reason why it resists manipulation, and it is on this rock that all the work of the minor nationalists founders. But that carries us beyond the scope of this review.

Disappointment Pool

By Leonard Bacon

NO ONE forgets the Pool. But the black water
Troubles the light of heart in recollection
For beauty touches hands with grievous fancy
In the sweet place. And you may grow aware
Of meaning with implacable implication
In light between the pepperidge and the oak,
In shadows more like substances than shadows.
The talkative fall silent, as if a cloud
Came over brightest thought. Some unresolved
Enigma animates the loneliness,
Which I must leave unanswered. In a dream
I once saw waters from a land beyond
All visitation, whose undiscovered springs
Were only to be guessed at in a north
No vision yet has known. The real pool
At times has seemed less factual than the dream,
Though heavy with complex experience
I can make nothing of.

A butterfly
Flew there in June once. And it is not lost,
That transient, golden passion above the waters,
In whose obsidian one may melt, yet never
Absorb their secret. How can I simplify
Wizard suggestion? What relation binds
The watcher to the river? Can the redstart
Become the symbol of a revelation
Among young briars and make me understand
What calculus integrates, what algorism
Denotes the intricate infinity
Of color, cobalt Iris, magenta sparks
Of the small Arethusas? How pluck out
The heart of such simplicities? The passion
Thrives upon failure implicit in the attempt
To hasten an apocalypse. The Pool
Has been well named.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
ERNESTINE WASHINGTON SINGS WITH BUNK JOHNSON'S BAND. (SACRED). Disc 712 (2 10") $2.89	Merely adequate recording, lacks highs. No compensation in inner grooves.	B+	Add this to "Gospel Keys" album (Disc 658)—pure, screeching religious blues, with jazz band.
CALYPSO CARNIVAL. Sir Lancelot; Trinidad Serenaders, Volunteers. Crest CT-3 (4 10")	High level, wide range recording. Crude, but remarkable highs in orch. Voice not so clear.	A	Somewhat commercialized Calypso, not too much so to enjoy. Chief virtue is hi-fi recording!
ALEC WILDER OCTETS. Alec Wilder Octet. Vox VSP 301 (4 10") $4.75	Recording quality OK, but level varies from side to side, bad peaks, groove depth varies, poor surfaces.	B— to C+	Fine to have more of these unique hybrid jazz-classic works with first-rate soloists. But please, better recording.
HINDEMITH. UNACCOMPANIED SONATA Op. 31, 2 (1924); SONATA IN E (1935). Ruggiero Ricci, L. Persinger. Vox 603 (2) $3.15	Very fine resonance, considerably more highs than other Vox records. With good surfaces this would rate very high.	B—	Fine album. Unacc. sonata is remarkably listenable, first-rate short! work, unlike Bach complete, minus "shorthand." Both sonatas grateful, melodious, well written, superbly played.
BACH. SUITES #2, #3. Boston Symphony, Koussevitsky. Victor M 1123 (5) $5.85	Again big resonance makes small group seem full symph. orch. Very little on high end. OK home machine, disappointing on hi-fi equipment. (Later Victors will reportedly be wide-range.)	A—	Though small orch., this continues anachronistic "symphonic" tradition of performance. Overtures splendid, dances often rushed. Laurent's flute (#2) is over-French, un-Bachlike. Piano continuo.

THE SACRED BLUES

IT ISN'T the first time that sacred and secular music have been made one—it's happened from the beginning of organized religion; but Ernestine Washington's screechingly honest sacred blues ("Does Jesus Care," "God's Amazing Grace," etc.) with the help of a genuine jazz band, certainly brings the matter to a neat and satisfying focus (*above*). For some reason it has been a moral compulsion for centuries to keep the low-down music and the high-up as far apart as possible; yet for a lot longer still religious music and popular have been one and the same or have cleaved together with surprising persistence. Separation of Church and State, yes; but our sacred music has perhaps only twice attained a reasonably separate state; during the period of Gregorian chant and at the time of Palestrina. In these days sacred music was indeed as nearly unrelated as possible in sound and structure to the popular—let's say seventy-five per cent. Yet even so, between these two periods sacred music was jammed with popular tunes, undisguised; after Palestrina the popular-into-sacred trend broke in full force with the Reformation and its converted love song hymns. Our prissy nineteenth-century hymnology, so virtuous in text, is musically but a step from the popular. "Onward Christian Soldiers" (Sullivan) is up to Gilbert-and-Sullivan's best; "Rock of Ages" is at least a first cousin to "Down by the Old Mill Stream."

The Negroes, simpler and more discerning, have never made bones about mixing sacred and secular "styles." Their attitude is the most ancient in all art and surely the honestest: one makes one's art as one can, and the better it is the greater Glory to the Lord himself. That was the way the painters of the Renaissance felt; Bach wrote his music that way, too. But the founder of Protestantism, Luther, hit the nail on the head when he said (if he did), "*Why should the Devil have all the good tunes*"!

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

WALTER WINCHELL

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stories of Quaker life, dissects the unpleasant mind of a retired city doctor when an innocent young woman presents herself for examination. These selections have been picked at random; many others are even more revelatory of disturbed minds. grouping in a kind of miasma of unhappiness, profound dissatisfaction, and even horror. Paul Gordon Smith, one of the editors, says that what depressed him the most about the stories that came under his observation was that practically all the writers chose insignificant people and events for their subjects with mental pathology as a close runner-up.

There is no doubt that the average quality of these stories and their technical excellence is as high as it ever was. But they are the product of what Mr. Brickell calls "the general confusion and pessimism of outlook in the atmosphere in which the writer lives and works." It might be added these writers live from Maine to California, share the same skies and the same atmosphere with other Americans. Are they then expressing the secret uneasiness and despair for the future that is gnawing at the minds of the inhabitants of the richest, most powerful, and most fortunate country in the world? Here is the record; read it yourself.

The Ban Is Lifted

PILGRIMS THROUGH SPACE AND TIME. By J. O. Bailey. New York: Bea Abramson. 1947. 341 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by EDWIN FADIMAN, JR.

FOR YEARS, science-fiction enthusiasts have carried their magazines home neatly rolled up in an inconspicuous cylinder, casually concealing their technicolored covers from the scornful eye of an unsympathetic world. Lately, however, science-fiction is hovering on the edge of its artistic majority, and such protective measures may no longer be necessary. Indeed, the ultimate appears to have been reached, for time-space themes have even invaded the pages of *The Saturday Evening Post,* illustrated at least as violently as any that had ever adorned the covers of *Astounding Science-Fiction.* In bridging the almost inconceivable distance between a half-cent and twenty-five cents a word, science-fiction has taken a seven-league step towards respectability.

And now, to fill the science-fiction addict's cup to overflowing, comes the first historical and analytical survey of the field. For Mr. J. O. Bailey's "Pilgrims Through Space and Time" is a serious, even scholarly attempt to collate and evaluate the scattered examples of this literature over the last four hundred years.

For the most part, the work (the preface informs us that it is an expanded Ph.D. thesis) consists of a series of short cinematic digests, covering most of the books in the field. The author groups his reviews under such sample thematic headings as The Wonderful Journey; The Wonderful Discovery; The Wonderful Event. The books under these headings are arranged in roughly chronological order, beginning with an effusion labeled "Mercury—Or the Secret and Swift Messenger," written in 1641 by a certain Bishop John Wilkins. From that immaculate origin, Mr. Bailey disentangles the thread of his subject from the complex woof of 356 years of general writings.

In his preface, the author reminds us that many ideas in these books may appear childish. On the other hand, some ideas that seem at first fantastic become less so as we face a world rendered truly fantastic by the incredible radio, the inconceivable fact of relativity, and the ghastly power of sub-atomic physics. It is worth reflecting that most of our mechanical inventions, and many of our social and economic advances were first suggested by science-fiction writers; in many cases, from five to a hundred years before those ideas materialized. Among the classic examples, the author of course recalls Jules Verne's "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," with its elaborate descriptions of Captain Nemo's submarine, descriptions

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
GIRL MEETS BODY *Jack Iams* (Morrow: $2.50)	Ex-G.I. and British bride take over Jersey shore house (after season), encounter corpse, quaint "natives"—and redoubtable Mrs. Barrelforth.	Uninhibited bride, harassed husband, and recluse neighbor spin through inprobable but richly diverting murder-maze. Funny, exciting, and satisfactorily mystifying.	Nutsy but nice
FASHIONED FOR MURDER *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.50)	N. Y. photographer-model's "rhinestone" costume jewelry strangely interests various parties. Result—double murder and adroit sleuthing by amateur Nason and others.	Customary cool, convincing Coxe job. Surprise ending seems too long drawn out—minor quibble over swiftly-paced, sweetly plotted opus.	Rewarding
THE FATAL CARESS *Edited by Richard Barker* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $3)	Twenty-nine accounts of English murders from 1551-1888 taken from contemporary pamphlets, chronicles, old books, etc. Preface by Anthony Boucher.	Most readable collection of its kind to date. Mostly "new" material—all reeking with evil. Editor's sententious forewords are little gems.	Worth owning
A MAN DIED HERE *Gina Dessart* (Harpers: $2.50)	City pair find "just right" New England farmhouse — then discover it has sinister past, which they investigate to bitter end.	Rather familiar routine enlivened by two engaging major figures, veracious rural atmosphere, and unforeseen finish. Writing rather scrappy.	Fair
DEAD TO THE WORLD *David X. Manners* (McKay: $2)	Gone - stale mystery-writer conked and dumped into well-filled bath-tub. His errant "spirit" thereupon solves several murders.	Disembodied author and ditto wife have fine fantastic time observing their past deeds and those of various Greenwich Village stencils.	Ouch!
VILLAINY DETECTED *Edited by Lillian de la Torre* (Appleton-Century: $3)	"Collection of most sensational true crimes and most notorious real criminals that blotted name of Britain in years 1600-1800."	Capital compilation of villainy. Required reading for *aficionados.* General reader may find some dull spots—but there's gore galore for all.	Admirable

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whose accurate imagination can be checked only now that we have perfected undersea travel, many decades after Verne's romance.

From television to TNT, from elevators to atomic power, science-fiction has demonstrated again and again its unique gift: the gift of prophecy. In all seriousness, no other literature can make that statement.

"Pilgrims Through Space and Time" thumbs through many good books, and a few great ones. Among them are Olaf Stapledon's prodigy of sustained imagination, "Last and First Men," with its bird's-eye view of the next two billion years; Abbott's delicious fantasy "Flatland; By A Square," in some ways as penetrating if not as vicious a satire as "Gulliver's Travels," while at the same time anticipating Einstein's dimensional theories; Ambrose Bierce's frightening story "Moxon's Master"; E. M. Forster's cruel burlesque "The Machine Stops"; and H. G. Wells's "When The Sleeper Wakes," additionally fascinating for the fact that it was one of the old master's first fantasies.

Mr. Bailey's index carries names that are interesting and at times surprising, including Bierce, Wells, Poe, Shelley, Balzac, Defoe, Byron, Hawthorne, Huxley, and Plato. For, in its own way, "The Republic" is an attempt at prophecy; prophecy in much the same sense as Thomas More's "Utopia" and Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backwards."

"Pilgrims Through Space and Time" is obviously the product of well-organized, painstaking research. The writing, though often angular and unharmonious, is clear and thoughtful. Mr. Bailey has succeeded in providing a bastard literature with the legitimacy of a past. In so doing he not only gives it an additional dimension, but what is more important, dignity. His book consolidates that literature. In that sense, it is an

Edwin Fadiman, Jr., now an editor in a publishing house, has reviewed extensively for various publications and has appeared on the radio program "Author Meets Critic."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 702)

ALDOUS HUXLEY:
ENDS AND MEANS

Hatred, unawareness, stupidity and all that makes for increase of separateness are the qualities that . . . have led either to the extinction of a species, or to its becoming a living fossil incapable of making further biological progress.

the Phoenix Nest

LEAR AND THE LOYALTY TEST

LEAR was a madman who possessed
Himself his ailment's final test.
Lear's daughters must forever burn
Devotion's incense; each in turn
With phrase in satin swaddling dressed
Her utter loyalty protest.

And Lear, the madman? He believed
The tributes which he thus received.
Each silken word he took as true;
And then, his kingdom cut in two,
He dispossessed and cursed the one
Whose lips were clean—whose heart a sun.

Sirs, there should be, if I were able,
A moral pointed by this fable:
Perhaps there is no one-way test
Of Faith at any one's behest—
And he-who-challenges denies
The very loyalty he tries!

VIRGINIA SCOTT MINER.

* * *

I have received the following from Stella Muse Whitehead, of Riverside Drive, New York:

> Considering the letter from Ken Robinson, of Nuevo, California (*SRL* Aug. 9), the explanation of the widespread revival of interest in Robert Browning lies in the work of Dr. A. J. Armstrong, of Baylor University, Waco, Texas. Dr. Armstrong has been laboring long and earnestly to bring the genius of Robert Browning to a world much in need of his splendid philosophy.
>
> A living exponent of the Utopian philosophy expressed by Browning in "Rabbi Ben Ezra"—believing that man's value is measured not in his achievement, but in his character—Dr. Armstrong has painstakingly amassed at the college in Waco the world's largest collection of Browningiana.
>
> Noted scholars from all over the world, including India's Rabindranath Tagore, have made "pilgrimages" to Baylor, to find solace in the Browning shrine. From every section of the earth, gifts have come. Archibald Percival Wavell sent his personal Browning copy, which accompanied him as commander of the Imperial Army of the Nile, and Katharine Cornell also contributed.
>
> The Browning Shrine which is being built at Baylor is to be the "most beautiful building in the Western Hemisphere" and will house these priceless literary gems. It is said that this Shrine will rival in loveliness the Taj Mahal in Agra, India. The Foyer of Meditation will be open all hours of the day and night, and in this place of grandeur a silence so deep will penetrate the pilgrim soul, that he will gain the assurance in Browning's magnificent lines from "Death in Desert":
>
> I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ
> Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
> All questions in the earth and out of it.
> And has so far advanced thee to be wise.

* * *

TRUTH

Who seeks the way to truth
Will dine with grief
And sup with bitter ruth.
No shelter will he find
From heat of sun by day
The noon will peck his brain
And turn his heart to clay.
Truth, a morning throne,
Spreads a peacock blue
As God puts on his crown.

JUDAH M. TURKAT.

* * *

Ross V. Hersey, of *The Providence Journal*, writes:

> I have read with particular interest your Phoenix Nest in the Aug. 2 *SRL*, possibly in part because 1886 is my birth year, too, though the month was September. It revived in me one of my pet

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peeves, though perhaps it is a minor one. Whenever I find time to browse through bound volumes of old magazines at the public library, I feel cheated. Virtually all the advertisements have been eliminated as so much waste matter. Yet, in my opinion, the ads at any given moment in our national history give a broader, clearer picture of the contemporary time than any of the "literary" printed matter so carefully preserved.

The advertisements mirror the details of the life of the day, at least insofar as the advertiser can guess those details—the desires. hopes, and fears of the reader, open or hidden. Even the taboos, or lack of taboos, of a given period show up in the ads—also the evasions of taboos, as witness that White Rock girl whose 1947 costume is so little different from that she wore fifty years before. I confess I do not know whether anything is being done about preserving today's advertisements in today's equivalent of the bound volumes of another day now on the public library shelves. The objection of space limitation, which probably crowded the ads out in the past, hardly holds in these days of microfilm. A few score extra pages preserved for posterity will take up only a cubic inch or so of storage space. But our grandchildren will be able to scan the ads we are reading now, and so, perhaps, judge us a little more accurately, even though perhaps a little more sadly, because of the knowledge of our national weaknesses as revealed in the ads, weaknesses which, even now, are too often overlooked in the serious, paid-for pages of our publications.

In case research reveals that our libraries still are finding the ads too commonplace for preservation, something, of course, should be done about it. I realize that The Phoenix Nest has a tendency to browse backward into history, but in the interests of The Phoenix Nest of 1997, wouldn't it be wise to see that the historical record of today is complete, even to the advertisements? Having been too busy and too averse to painful research myself to have done anything about it, I appeal to the Phoenix and other research-nesting birds to raise a hue and cry or something.

* * *

AS WE REALLY LIKE IT

America has done with grammar,
Her children speak pure katzenjammer:
Real for *really*, *like* for *as*,
(Teen-agers croon them with their jazz).
They're in the new stream-lined whodunits,
We'll next expect them from our pundits.
An Englishman would sooner choke
Than use what's dubbed "vulgar, colloq."

If only we spoke like we should,
It probably would sound real good.

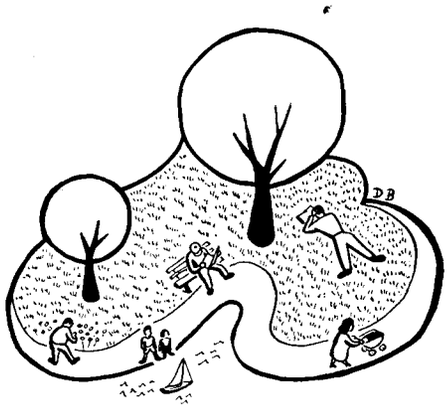
DOROTHY LAMB.

EXCAVATION

I seem to find
a fascination
in any kind
of operation.

I loiter near
the park for but
to watch a squir-
-rel strip a nut.

I wait to see
a docking ship,
how smoothly she
slides into slip.



A slanting sail-
-or splicing rope,
a lifted bale,
a gyroscope.

The crowds that gape,
yes, I am there,
when ticker tape
festoons the air.

And in the si-
-lent congregation
who stand and eye
an excavation.

And how I love
the rhythmic purr,
bolero of
the riveter!

KATHARINE O'BRIEN.

* * *

News Item: Someone recently referred to The Phoenix Nest as "The Hot Seat." I try not to make it so for my contributors! Still Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, once said:

But here is of the Phoenix-Kind,
And burns itself in self-made fire,
To breed still new birds in the mind,
From ashes of the old desire.

And fifteen years ago Peter Quennell took "The Phoenix-Kind" for the title of a delightful novel which should be better remembered, the story of two brothers and "a lady of few conventions."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 20¢ per word; 12-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times, 12¢ a word; 26 times, 14¢ a word; 13 times, 17¢ a word; 6 times, 19¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

LANGUAGES

LANGUAGE SERVICE CENTER. Div. of Schoenhof's Foreign Books, Inc., Harvard Sq., Cambridge 38, Mass. Established 1935. All record courses. Also books in all languages. Booklet SRL.

FRENCH GRAMMAR, conversation, diction by Parisienne just back from France. (Sorbonne University) RE 7-4606. N.Y.C.

LEARN TO TALK SPANISH by joining my evening classes. GRamercy 5-1277.

FRENCH, SPANISH, GERMAN LESSONS by cultivated graduated lady teacher. ACademy 2-9763. N.Y.C.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues, 20¢. Books Bought.

LIBRAIRIE LIPTON. The French Book Shop, 791 Lexington Avenue, New York 21. Formerly 4 Place de l'Odeon, Paris. Dealer in French books exclusively; all subjects bought and sold.

WE PAY CASH for French books, complete libraries and smaller groups. Correspondence invited. FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 83 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

LITERARY SERVICES

ANITA DIAMANT, THE WRITERS WORKSHOP, INC. Literary Agents, 27 years. We sell short stories, articles, books, radio scripts, plays. Verse also considered. Constructive criticism for new writers. Personal representation for established authors. Editing revision. Write for information, references, 280 Madison Ave., at 40 St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

THE WELL-DRESSED MANUSCRIPT. Fifty cents a thousand. Slips of the pen corrected. Asa Wilgus, Millbrook, New York.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books, marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 33 West 42 Street, New York 18, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SERVICE. Superior work. PAULINE RESNIKOFF, 137 East 35 St., N.Y.C. LExington 2-4770.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: INTELLIGENT, prompt, inexpensive. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48 St., N.Y.C. PLaza 3-1364.

MANUSCRIPT EVALUATION, EDITING, REWRITING. Wide experience, Marie H. Doyle, 341 Madison Avenue, New York 17, MU 6-7096.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, stories, novels, plays, screen, all languages, marketed. 19 West 44 Street, New York 18.

AUTHORS ATTENTION—We are considering adding to our list of publications acceptable manuscripts of prose and poetry. MOSHER PRESS, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT services for all writers, available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS CLUB, Denver 2, Colorado.

ALL KINDS TYPING, TRANSLATIONS. French, German, Spanish, English expertly done. ACademy 2-9763. N.Y.C.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, directed research in Boston libraries done at reasonable rates. Write Box 602-W.

IS YOUR BOOK MANUSCRIPT a motion picture possibility? Authors' Consultant, Box 1007, Hollywood 28, California.

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CLASSIFIED

PLAYWRIGHTS—Join drama department in unique AUTHOR'S Cooperative. Outstanding plays accepted for publication and possible production. Books on public affairs, fiction, children's books also wanted. Established seven years. International distribution. Members share publishing profits. ISLAND PRESS, 470 West 24 Street, New York.

PROFITABLE, PROFESSIONAL GUIDANCE FOR WRITERS. Successful sales suggestions. Special beginners' department. Criticism. Marketing. AUTHORS' AND PUBLISHERS' SERVICE, 31 West 92 Street, New York.

MANUSCRIPTS EXPERTLY TYPED. Reasonable. Irene Herlocker, 6346 Jefferson, Hammond, Indiana.

GOOD MANUSCRIPTS DESERVE GOOD TYPING. Marcan, 826 Park Place, Brooklyn. Days President 2-9073, Evenings PResident 2-6147.

FOR RESEARCH IN ARTS AND SCIENCES consult with "INTERNATIONAL RESEARCH INFORMATION," 545 Fifth Avenue, New York. Representatives: Paris, London, Rome, Vienna.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED by expert. Reasonable. Margaret Tedford, 311 West 10 Street, Santa Ana, California.

OUT-OF-PRINT

HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS LOCATED. No obligation. RALPH HEINEN, 909 Greenwood Ave., Toledo 5, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT Books supplied. Send us your lists. Quick, efficient service. Reasonable prices. Free catalog. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 18870 Marx Avenue, Detroit 3, Michigan.

FOURTH AVE-BOOK ROW. A great book center of the U. S. A. 22 booksellers offer for sale their combined stocks of over 2 million books in all fields, including Americana, art, science, philosophy, psychology, out-of-print items, fiction sets, leather binding on any desired subject. Lists and catalog issued. Want lists solicited. FOURTH AVENUE BOOKSELLERS, 12 Street to Astor Place. Dept. S, Correspondence address, 113 East 9 St., N.Y.C. 3.

CHALLENGE US TO LOCATE those "Hard-to-Find" books you want! SPOTLIGHT, 141 Broadway, N.Y.C.

OUT-OF-PRINT or HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS supplied. Write stating "Wants." No obligation. OPAL'S BOOK SERVICE, Westbury, N. Y.

HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS LOCATED. Free Library Services, no obligations. GEMINI BOOK SERVICE, 46-S Lewis Avenue, Brooklyn 6, New York.

NO. 1, VOL. 1, GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE—$10.00. Other copies, $1.00 each. International Interpreters, $1.00 each. Box 67, Rusk, Texas.

BOOKS

BOOKS ON THE EAST. China, Japan, Indo-China, the East Indies, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, the South Seas, &c. All subjects; all languages. Send for Catalogue 130, now ready, one of the most diversified we have ever issued. Established 1920. ORIENTALIA, Inc., 47 West 47 St., N.Y.C. 19.

SAVE TO 90%. New books. Free catalogues. OBERSTEIN, 545 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

ALFRED F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C. First editions, good books. Books by and about Walt Whitman.

SEND FOR OUR FREE CATALOG. Thousands of good books. Careful attention given to library orders. MIDWEST BOOK COMPANY, 608 West 60 Street, Chicago, Illinois.

FREE CATALOGUES: First editions, presses, bindings, art books, choice sets. List your interests. FRED J. MITCHUM, 4623 West Stanford, Dallas 9, Texas.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book we may have it. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann Street. Oldest old book shop in New York.

ENCYCLOPEDIA & DICTIONARY CATALOG free. LITERARY MART, 8 East 33 Street, New York 16, N. Y.

OLD, RARE, RECENT, OUT-OF-PRINT. Large Stock on hand of fiction, literature, Americana, sets occult, biographies, etc. Quotations free. Catalogs issued. Inquiries solicited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

NEW ZEALAND (PACIFIC) BOOKS. Send for list (Airletter 10¢) Roy Parsons, 288 Lambton Quay, Wellington.

WANT BOOKS about printing quote? Augustine, 2934 Linwood, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLASSIFIED

OFFERS ACCEPTED for: Set—Encyclopedia Britannica, '39. Set-Childcraft-'35. Box 604-W.

NEW: Friedrich Gundolf, Friedrichs des Grossen Schrift uber die deutsche Literatur. Zuerich 1947. 47 pages. Cloth $1.15. Mary S. Rosenberg. Publisher, Bookseller, and Importer. 100 West 72 Street, New York 23. Dept. 22.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Address "Bookplates," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FRESH, NOVEL DESIGNS. Styled and produced in Hollywood. Free samples. Lincoln Printing, Box 1211-L, Hollywood 28, Calif.

PROFESSIONAL, Rockwell Kent, musical designs. Catalogue free. Greenland Press, 5700 Wilkins, Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. ABRAHAMS MAGAZINE SERVICE, 56 East 13 Street, N. Y.

PERSONALS

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN desires small housekeeping apartment in or near Philadelphia. Box 565-W.

GENTLEMAN devoted to Muses of poetry, painting, seeks collaboration of imaginative souls for mutual realization of dreams. Box 566-W.

LIBRARIANS WANTED FOR BOOKMOBILE, reference and cataloging work. Salary $2700 and up. Apply Kanawha County Public Library, Charleston, West Virginia.

WILL LADY who loves children, good food, home write gentleman. Box 569-W.

DESERT DILEMMA? Tasty, tempting sweet treats! New collection of secret recipes from family files. Send 25¢ to Tasty Treats, 417 Devonshire St., Pittsburgh 13, Pa.

CUERNAVACA. Handsome homespun cottage apartments for writers, painters, loafers. Quiet, central, comfortable. No summer, no winter. Details: Ken Beldin, Salinas 14, Cuernavaca, Mex.

1719 WITH ELECTRICITY. Charming old house, completely modernized, for rent furnished. Studio-garage, artesian well, brook, 12 acres. Six miles on macadamized road from Brewster, N. Y. Writer's dream—painter's too. Box 570-W.

THE SPIRIT OF ETERNAL YOUTH, collected poems by Mary Frances Bell de Villers. Copies available Maranatha Publishers, Inc. (NYC) or your dealer. Cloth—$1.25; Paper $.75. Box 571-W.

COLLECTORS! Modern interiors! Here is real find, handsomely designed Navajo blanket (for wall hanging). Stunning clear colors, 61x43. Heirloom; like new. Only $80. Circ. 7-4947 or Box 572-W.

INEXPERIENCED MAN seeks unusual correspondence with experienced, worldy, exciting women. Box 573-W.

WOMAN with advertising experience would welcome a business opportunity. Box 574-W.

NO FOR AN ANSWER. Blitzstein. Will buy album in good condition. Box 203-W.

SO YOU WANT TO BE A PATRON OF THE ARTS? Here's your big chance. Find an apartment in Manhattan for two young magazine writers who want to get married middle of September and then sit back and watch the literary gems sparkle. Box 575-W.

TASTE-TEMPTING TEAS TO PAMPER YOUR PALATE! Half-pound packages. Darjeeling—$1.03, Fancy Flowery Ceylon — $.83, Assam — $1.00, English Breakfast—$.65, Smoky Lapsong Souchong—$1.68, Irish Style—$.95, Formosa Oolong—$.88, Jasmine—$1.80, Green Pan-Fired Japan — $.70, Uncolored B.F. Japan — $.70, Pinhead Gunpowder — $.78, Young Hyson—$.83. Initial Orders postpaid. Caravel, 126 Maiden Lane, N.Y.C.

SEEING EYE FOR WRITERS. Recent editorial member large New York publishing house, author of published novels and juvenile, will guide promising talent. Rates reasonable. Selling aid. Friendly interest, no machine-shop. Box 270-T.

BOOKS—Used, Rare and Out of Print. Millions in stock. Send lists or mention interests. American Antiquarian Booksellers, 529 South Melville, Philadelphia 43.

ACTING, SPEECH, COACHING FOR STAGE ROLES, amateur and professional, by experienced actress and teacher. Joanna Roos, 345 East 52 Street, New York. EL 5-2179.

PERSONALS

RECEPTIONIST, MALE, 39, available. Really likes people, personality, also clerical work, full-part time. N.Y.C. Box 376-W.

WANTED DESPERATELY IN CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA: living quarters for couple with two children. Please. Box 567-W.

LADY desires any light, established business. Home and income, suburban. Consider partnership. Box 568-W.

WHO'LL GIVE HOME AND PRACTISE TIME to exceptional Minnesota girl piano student, twenty, in return responsible child care, baby-sitting, light household tasks, music teaching, accompanying? Write her teacher, Edwine Behre, Adamant, Vt.

WHEN BROWSING LOOK FOR COPIES, Mac Kellar's American Printer, Van Winkle's Printers Guide or Adams Typographia if any, have dealer quote me, in return will survey Cincinnati's bookstores your wants. Lee Augustine, 2934 Linwood Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

SAN FRANCISCO. Librarian, alone, quiet, permanent, needs small unfurnished rear cottage, carriage house, or penthouse with kitchenette and shower. Phone SKyline 1-8532 after 6:30 P.M.

EVERY PICTURE AN ENLARGEMENT . . . BIGGER and better snapshots than you have ever seen before! New electronic developments give you improved lifetime deckle-edge enlargements at our same low price. Any 8-exposure roll developed and printed enlarge size 25¢, reprints 3¢ each. Fast, accurate service guaranteed! Send for free mailers, today. Enlarge Photo Service, Box 791P, Boston, Mass.

WANTED: ADVERTISING MANAGER for small town "Shopping News," Midwestern. Knowledge of advertising, printing, and merchandising desired. Box 578-W.

LONELY VETERAN, honest, clean living, phobia people, wishes correspondence sincere understanding girl. Box 579-W.

URGENT! CAN YOU USE ME? 3 years Harvard. Veteran, 21. Personable, talented, varied interests. Any job considered anywhere. Salary unimportant. Type, drive, tutor. Box 580-W.

CITY COMFORT IN VERMONT VILLAGE: completely furnished house for rent September to June $100 a month; Address Box 58, Peacham, Vermont.

YOUNG MALE, M.A., interested psychoanalyses, writing, living fully, invites correspondence. Box 581-W.

5000 WORDS FICTION—criticized free. Books, plays, articles, etc., marketed. Bertha Klausner, 130 E. 40 St., New York 16.

DOG-LOVERS! Send $2.50 for special issue of National Geographic with beautifully colored plates of all breeds; also text. Send for free list of dog books. Box 410-T.

YOUR FACTFINDER; investigates any problem. Broad experiences, history, sociology, psychology. Research, abstracts, translations, European-American background. Fee or share profit. Box 761-T.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest city. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

ARE YOU A COLLECTOR OF SPECIAL SETS OF LITERATURE? Send for bargain list. Box 964-T.

BOOKS TOO EXPENSIVE? Save 25% on any book in print through unique new book club. Box 500-W.

BOOKS—Used, Rare and Out of Print. Millions in stock. Send lists or mention interests. American Antiquarian Booksellers, 529 South Melville, Philadelphia 43.

ALL-ALASKA INFORMATION. Read Alaska Newsletter weekly. 1 year, $5.00; 6 months, $3.00; 2 months, $1.00. Box 160 Anchorage, Alaska.

GRACIOUS MATURE WOMAN desires educated gentleman correspondent who enjoys thinking. Box 583-W.

USE THE BEST! LARGA-PIC has only one offer! 8 pictures and roll developed for 30¢ Reprints 4¢ each. Quick service and high quality assure every one of your photos a brilliant reproduction in the larga-pic. size. Write for free mailers. Larga-Pic, Box Z-16, Brookline 46, Mass.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED: mimeographing; superior workmanship. Jene Stern, 347 Madison Avenue, New York. MU 4-0087.

SENSITIVE INTELLECTUAL desires position as homemanager in wholesome atmosphere. Have interesting son, 14. Box 582-W.

(Continued on page 38

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 37)

HOW TO BUILD YOUR MAIL ORDER BUSINESS, by Walter Greb. 25¢ postpaid. Box 584-W.

OLD THEATRE POSTERS, programs, maps, prints, valentines, scrapbook pictures, cards, sold at this store. Sorry, no catalog. Brandon, 852 Lexington Avenue near 64 St., N.Y.C.

CIGARETTES—Popular brands; minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.45 per carton; postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange 52, N. J.

CAT-LOVERS Revel in the special cat number of National Geographic Magazine replete with color plates, all breeds, only $2.50 postpaid. Send for free list of cat books, prints, etc. Box 716-Q.

NEAR MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT, week or month, 1947, and 1948, professor's summer home, all modern improvements, view, swimming, fire-place, screened porch, 2 baths, suitable several adults or family. Reasonable. Box 585-W.

GIRL will correspond with professionally successful man. Box 586-W.

YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN, 31, college graduate, permanent Manhattan resident, varied job experience here and abroad, good typist, would like job, preferably first or second reader, permissions, promotion, or anything pointing that way. Samples of applicant's intellectual, critical and typing abilities gladly submitted and interview welcomed. Box 587-W.

LONELY WOMEN, IDLING MEN, MARRIED COUPLES: A way to express and develop personality and keep in touch with the finite and the infinite is to acquire a country weekly newspaper. Ever think of that? An ideal way of life. Send for list of selected weeklies from $1,000 up. Box 606-W.

APPLE HILL FARM again invites you to its warm informality, charming surroundings, with especially attractive 3-month rates for room-sharing guests interested in creative literature or art. Write Apple Hill, East Pepperell, Mass.

AN OLD LADY alone wishes to exchange letters with old ladies and gentlemen who love music, books and art. Box 588-W.

READER—rapid, accurate; good speller, 35-hour week. Room 2121, 51 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

A REFORMED PERFECTIONIST, interested psychology, ethics, sociology, international affairs, equipped only with good English, appearance, background, and talent for meeting the public, (some experience advertising, lecturing, professional radio actress) wants congenial job, East or West. Correspondents welcomed. Box 589-W.

WRITER-COMPOSER seeks correspondence unusual gal interested Broadway and Arts. Box 590-W.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY NEWSLETTER in specialized field can be bought. Interesting work and good business for snappy courageous writer. Price $1,000. Box 592-W.

LADY CLIFF DWELLER, enjoys fun, sports, theatre, welcomes male correspondence. Box 593-W.

WHO'S INTERESTED IN AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION of "Juliette, les Prosperites du Vice"? Box 594-W.

CRAFTS, HOBBIES. Have fun creating things of beauty and utility in your leisure time. Expert instruction: leathercraft, jewelry, pottery, woodworking, photography. Evening classes. Classes start September 22. Visitors welcome. American Craftsman School, 24 West 74 Street, N.Y.C. ENdicott 2-4219.

VETERAN, former college teacher, author, political reformer and psychologist, invites feminine correspondence. Box 595-W.

CHARMING LASS would write Russian-speaking gentleman. Interested—theatre, arts, Box 596-W.

AN APPEALING MISS is appealing for appeasement. To wit: she desires correspondence with a gentleman who is neither an apology nor a problem. Box 597-W.

COSMOPOLITAN MALE would like to exchange ideas with gal of modern tastes on any stimulating topic of choice. Box 598-W.

GREAT BELIEVER, ASTROLOGY, LADY born under sign Capricorn desires correspondence with people also interested astrology. Box 599-W.

INVITING CORRESPONDENCE mature gentleman, sense of humor, interest art, nature. Box 600-W.

GOOD SECRETARY SEEKS JOB in some locality where it is possible to live like a human being on the salary offered. Box 601-W.

PERSONALS

GENIAL GOTHAMITE, confused liberal, likes baseball, Ne Lillie, Gershwin, Lil-Abner, McSorley's, Nite-Prowling, Rabelais, Steinbeck, Theatre, Thurber, Wolfe, invites correspondence with Bachelor Babes, Gay guys. Kindred interests. Box 577-W.

COMPANION: HOUSEKEEPER. Personable, quiet, cheery former kindergartner seeks position small home anywhere. Experienced traveler (cooks adequately). Box 576-W.

PUBLISHED FICTION WRITER, veteran, 25, experienced story analysis, editing, seeks employment, Manhattan. Box 531-W.

FOR SALE, NEAR PRINCETON, N. J. Historic stone house in the foothills of the Sourland Mountains. Excellent commuting New York City and Philadelphia. A small house, with all modern facilities. Stone barn. 60 acres; running stream; woodland. Immediate occupancy. Asking price $25,000. Skillman and Skillman, Realtors, 20 Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J. Tel. 822.

LIBRARIAN WANTED, midwest agricultural community; excellent budget; good book collection. State experience, education, references, salary. Falls City, Nebraska.

PRIVACY AND PEACE for week-ends in woodland setting near Catskills for one or two couples in well-furnished country house. Week-end charge $10 per person, including breakfast, run of house. ½ hour's drive from Kingston, N. Y. 7 miles Woodstock. Box 557-W.

ORNERY MALE would correspond with female not allergic to orneriness. Box 993-T.

INDEXING, SHORT ITEMS SUCH AS BIOGRAPHIES WRITTEN FOR FILES, ETC. Experienced. Thorough. Exact, Reasonable. Adolph Schalk, 3515a, South Grand Blvd., St. Louis 18, Mo.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. It's fun writing short stories at home. Fame, riches and happiness are rewards many students realize who get this basic tested technique. Get free booklet from home study school with 50 years' experience. Write today: Mr. Mathews, Blackstone-Sprague, 1100 So. Wabash, Chicago 5, Illinois.

RENT: BUCKS COUNTY. 5 rooms, old stone farmhouse with all conveniences. October to May. Box 610-W.

MAN, diversified background, desires correspondence from discriminating women who value sincerity and honesty. Box 618-W.

MAGAZINE WRITER, resident Westchester, needs New York Girl Friday for secretarial work, research, articles for popular magazines, preferably with own midtown working quarters, telephone. Full or part time. Box 619-W.

YOUNG WRITER WANTED FOR PART-TIME office work, 10 A.M.-1 P.M. daily; in exchange for training with internationally known writer, playwright, teacher. Box 620-W.

AUTHOR completing non-fiction book, contemporary scene, for publisher, requires assistant, research typing, willing be paid out of royalties. Box 621-W.

LAWYERS AND OTHERS who want to laugh at the law, read The Green Bag. 8 volumes of this magazine, bound, over 3,200 pages, large quarto, only $59.85. Single volumes, $9.00. Box 622-W.

CONQUEST OF MARS by Garrett Putman Serviss. First edition, cloth, profusely illustrated. Limited to 1,500 copies, $3.50. Carcosa House, 774 Calibrum Drive, Los Angeles 2, California.

HANDSOME, genuine Mexican coin earrings. Two dollars, tax and postage paid. Mexicraft, 2766-S, Alameda, Corpus Christi, Texas.

YEAR'S READING, your choice, low cost. All the books you can read including current best sellers, for less than the cost of your daily newspaper. Write for particulars: Ginn's Chain of Books, Inc., 911 Lowry Street, Columbia, Missouri.

CULTURED, MATURE SINCERE WOMAN, nature, music lover, varied interests, happy, constructive philosophy, sense of humor, invites correspondence mature gentleman possessing intellect, spirituality. Box 623-W.

CULTURED, versatile mature woman seeks correspondence with gentleman. Box 624-W.

VERSATILE? YUP! EXPERIENCED EDITING, advertising, publicity, radio production, articles, layout, art, photography—and ideas. Free-lanced Herald Trib., Life, etc. Want permanent thing, good agency, publication. N.Y.C. Box 625-W.

WORLDS LARGEST MATCH BOOK. 15½ inches long. 240 matches. Amaze and amuse your friends. For the collector, advertiser, and those liking the unusual. 50¢ each postpaid. Dealers supplied. Advance advertising. P. O. Box 4432, Atlanta, Georgia.

PERSONALS

HAVE YOU ANY SPECIAL HOBBY, collector's interest, study or research? Consult us for free list of books on subject. Box 211-W.

YOU CAN RE-LIVE THE CIVIL WAR in the pages of "Photographic History of the Civil War" by Brady and Miller, in actual photograph and text, 10 huge volumes for $59.75; or Harpers Weekly, 1861-65, 5 years, over 250 isues, profusely illustrated, $77.50; or the New York Tribune, 20 immense volumes, 1861-65, over 2,000 daily issues, $675; odd volumes of Photographic History as above $7.50 each; odd volumes of Harpers Weekly, $17.50, single issues $1.50; odd volumes N. Y. Tribune, $37.50; single issues, $2.75. Box 326-W.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHICS supplied from Vol. 1 to date, 1888-1947. Send us your wants for individual issues, volumes, runs, sets, bound or unbound. We also buy issues prior to 1909. Box 611-W.

SECRETARY—STENOGRAPHER seeks employment in home where infant son may live with her. Experienced law, research, public stenography, can combine domestic duties. Some knowledge of languages, drives own car. Baby charming, his welcome first consideration. References. Box 612-W.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN THE MAYAN CIVILIZATION? Read Morley's "Mayan Civilization" a monumental work, magnificently illustrated, $10. Also send for free list of other books on Mayan-Incan civilization. Box 975-T.

QUITE MATURE LADY, varied interests; invites congenial male correspondence. Box 613-W.

WANTED: DACHSHUND PUP for happy home, New York area. Price commensurate with height from ground, please. Box 614-W.

DO YOU ENJOY ANECDOTES? 50 volumes are offered all different for $150. Single volumes $4.50; 5 volumes $20; 10 volumes, $35. Hundreds of stimulating anecdotes in each. Box 978-T.

YOUNG BACHELOR, professional man desires permanent home, nice family in suburbs, N. Y., N. J. Box 615-W.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 703

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

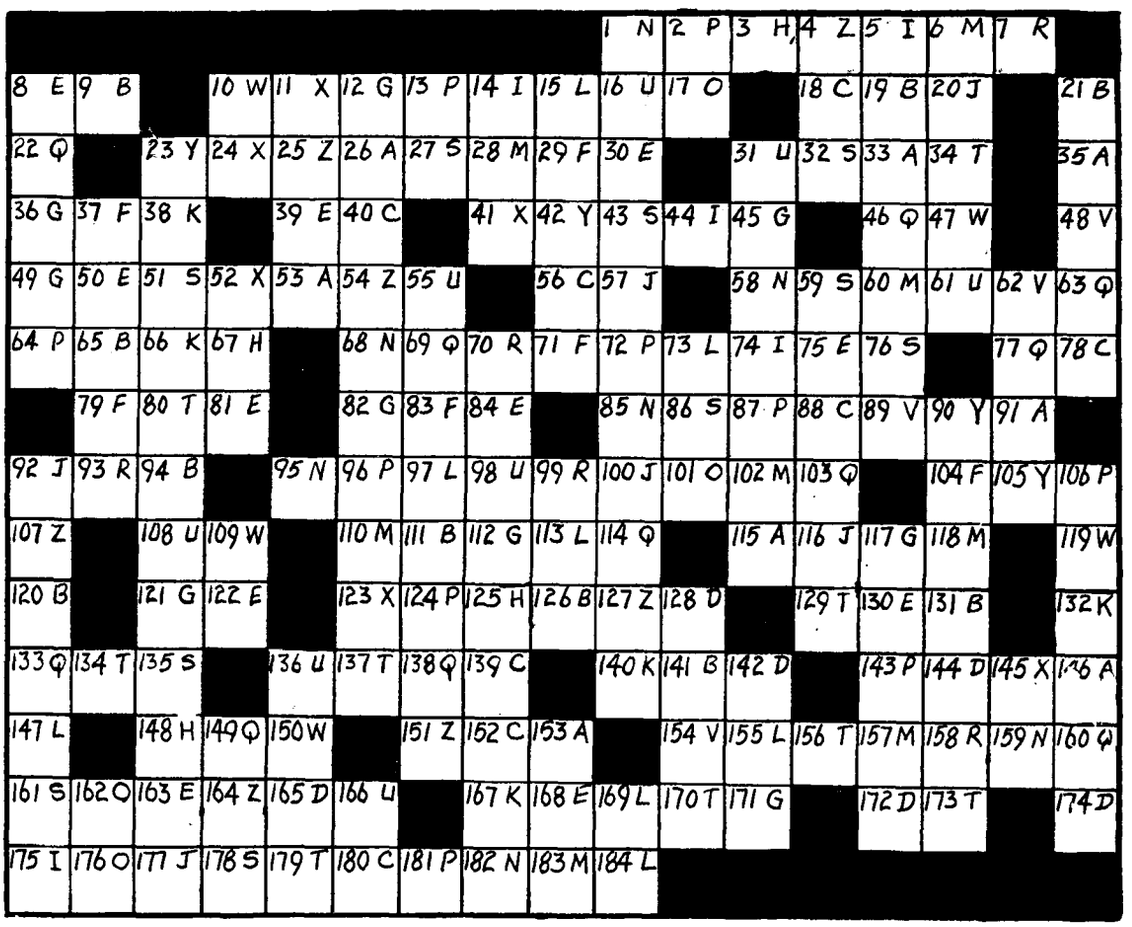
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Lost flesh; pined (2 wds.).	115 146 33 153 26 35 53 91
B. Small North American duck with dense, soft, head-plumage.	21 65 9 120 141 131 111 126 19 94
C. Eyelike (Zool.).	78 18 40 152 88 56 139 180
D. First name of Edward VII of England as Prince of Wales.	144 142 172 165 174 128
E. Completed (said of an archery game or match; 2 wds.).	81 130 8 50 163 122 75 30 168 39 84
F. A chewink.	104 71 83 79 29 37
G. Utterly; without reservation (Colloq.; 2 wds.).	36 112 45 12 49 171 82 121 117
H. Husband of Cunstance in Chaucer's "Man of Law's Tale".	3 67 125 148
I. Soiled with mud or foul matter.	14 74 44 175 5
J. To heal over.	116 57 100 92 177 20
K. The title of a Moslem prince; a courtesy title in India.	38 140 167 66 132
L. Father of Icarus (Gr. Myth.).	184 155 15 73 97 113 169 147
M. Unfair; partial (Comp.).	6 28 102 110 157 118 183 60
N. One who urges his beliefs with uncompromising insistence.	1 85 159 68 182 58 95
O. "The Great Commoner" (1708-78).	176 162 101 17
P. A subject intended to divert attention from the main question (2 wds.).	143 124 64 96 106 2 72 87 181 13
Q. To insert among others.	63 149 77 22 103 69 138 114 160 46 133
R. A red Burgundy wine; a city in Georgia, U.S.	7 99 70 158 93
S. An asset not corporeal, like good will, etc.	27 59 135 43 32 76 51 86 161 178
T. A rustic maiden.	129 137 173 134 156 34 170 80 179
U. To scatter, as seeds, among other things.	61 16 136 55 98 166 31 108
V. Variegation.	62 48 89 154
W. A common or pasture (Mex. Law).	109 10 119 150 47
X. Deprives of, as by deceit, trickery, or way of punishment.	52 11 41 145 24 123
Y. First season in the ancient Egyptian calendar (inundation).	23 105 42 90
Z. To wink.	107 164 127 54 151 25 4

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 35 of this issue.

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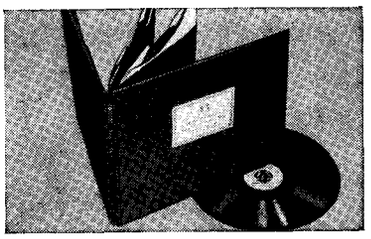

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13. *Dello Joio:* Trio for Flute, Cello and Piano; Julius Baker, flutist; Daniel Saidenberg, cellist; Leonid Hambro, pianist.

14. *Couperin:* Suite du Sixieme Ordre; Paul Loyonnet, pianist.

15. *Respighi:* Violin Sonata in B Minor; Oscar Shumsky, violinist, and Artur Balsam, pianist.

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